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Petty-June Does Europe

Continuing the Diary of Her Adventures
After College Days.

by the Brilliant
Satirist

Fish



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THIS boy sang to me and made eyes at me and pushed the boat about, but even though it soon got dusk he didn't attempt to turn our ride into a petting party, and I didn't know whether to feel insulted or not. I might be losing my charm. Oh, you "S. A.," come back to me! He oared me back to the hotel finally, but when I thanked him, with my best Esperanto gestures, he ran after me and caught my hand and made funny Italian noises, and I was afraid he was getting violent. But just then the hotel interpreter came out, and, Diary, can you imagine it? It seems he wanted ten lira an hour for taking me boating! He was only a hire-ling—can you face it?

1

SO we left Rome and my Romeo in a hurry, and Tuesday we got to Venice. It seems it rained so much here in the Middle Ages that the streets are still flooded, and they go about in boats called gondolas. I left Gwen with a sick headache and went down the steps of our hotel, and this is really the romanticest place. As soon as they saw me four perfectly sheiky boys in boats with colored ribbons on their heads and the darlinest comic opera costumes asked me to go boating with them. I looked coy and then sat down on a pile of cushions and simply floated away with the handsomest.



3

WE'D heard so much of the Lido that we simply had to blow some money on pajamas to look chic there. We went up to the sun roof early next morning to strut about in them and see how cold we'd feel where no one would see us. For it seems it's not good form to wear anything under pajamas here. We paraded and posed, and then, oh, horrors! I stumbled against a ledge and fell backwards right through a skylight. Gwen tried to stop me, and I musta grabbed hold of her, because she tumbled through, too.



4

WE landed on a plump Venetian with a nightcap, and the way we looked I certainly wished he had been a Venetian blind. He woke with a grunt, and I was scratched by glass, but Gwen was all right except shaken. The man was very old, and we were so glad he wasn't the kind to be affected by our S. A. He bandaged my arm where it was cut and put some sticking plaster on my cheek. Then he rang for a maid and we sneaked back to our room. Gwen said why couldn't we have landed on someone more romantic than an old man of 80, but I said there is such a thing in adventure as too much of a muchness, and not to press our luck.

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TODAY we went out to the Lido with Count Torsoni, who is famous for wearing only the bottom half of his pajamas, and a lady from Bar Harbor who wears practically the middle half, if you know what I mean. We got our pictures snapped for the newspapers and whatnot. We had a marvelous meal with eleven courses on the beach and saw the stunningest and skimpiest costumes you could ever imagine. After the meal I looked at the Count and thought "Isn't travel broadening?" Count Torsoni says he's going to diet so he can wear a gold watch chain and a fancy vest.

(To Be Continued)

Devils of New Guinea Who Save the Bodies of Slain Foes

IT IS in New Guinea that veritable human devils have their habitat. Not content with head-hunting, which is their favorite outdoor sport, they stuff the bodies of slain enemies and hang them up for ornaments.

And every stranger is presumed an enemy. Each village of these savages, probably the most primitive people in the world, is forever at war with all other villages, and the customary way of collecting trophies such as those above mentioned is by making a surprise raid upon a nearby settlement at night.

Most of the interior of the island of New Guinea has never been explored, and one may easily imagine the astonishment and alarm of the natives when, a short time ago, they saw a gigantic bird swoop down out of the air and alight, three white men stepping out of its inside.

It was an expedition sent by the United States Government to search the wilds of New Guinea for new varieties of sugar cane—the first plant-hunting party that has ever used an airplane as means of transportation in an unexplored region. It was a four-passenger cabin hydroplane, with pontoons for landing upon lakes and rivers. The plane was made from Port Moresby, on the Southeast coast of New Guinea, whence the plane flew 600 miles inland, the region explored being a dense tropical jungle with many lakes and extensive marshes. There, in the far interior, a base camp was established, from which the plane made flights in all directions, finding always a convenient lake on which to alight.

As a matter of precaution, the members of the expedition were armed with shotguns. They encountered tribes of pigmies; quaint little people, the men not more than four feet tall. They seemed disposed to be friendly. Of an altogether different race were the big natives, with woolly hair elaborately arranged in huge mops. Aided by the airplane, they showed no signs of hostility, though doubtless it occurred to them that the white men would look remarkably well stuffed.



Bachelors of the Tribe Live in a Communal Building, Which Is Decorated With Hanging Signs Like This, Carved by the Tribal Artisans From Hard Wood. Carving Like Wholesome Murder, Is One of the Fine Arts.

A Typical New Guinea Warrior Wearing the Inevitable Bone Through His Nostril to Accommodate the Cruelty of His Expression.

In each village of these formidable savages there are separate quarters for the unmarried men, a square house of dimensions corresponding to the size of the community. For the adornment of this house, each bachelor is expected to contribute a stuffed enemy. The body of the slain individual is cut off at the hips, eviscerated (the brain being incidentally removed), dried, smoked, filled with a packing of coconut fiber, and sewn up. The mouth is held open by a half of clay, prepared, it is ready to be hung up and will last indefinitely.

In the ordinary case, a gentleman of New Guinea makes up his mind that a certain individual of a neighboring village is his particular enemy. It is his business to get him. A raid is or-

ganized, and, if fortunate in the enterprise, he succeeds in killing that enemy. The latter, properly stuffed, is at once a trophy and a tribute to his own prowess as a fighter. In his method of warfare, the New Guinea head-hunter has much in common with the gangster of civilized America.

The natives of New Guinea possess no metals; they are in the Stone Age. But their weapons are frightful. The pigmies use poisoned arrows. A favorite war weapon of the big fellows is a heavy club that carries a stone blade. The blade is of basalt, one of

the hardest of rocks, and to make one, by pecking and smoothening a rough fragment, must be a job that takes years of patient labor. Of course, the heads of enemies are

always very desirable, and no pains are spared to preserve them. Skulls hang up by loops of rattan in the back of the quarters, help to give a "home-like" effect. But the aboriginal gentleman of New Guinea knows how to give to a skull an artistic touch that is in his way altogether unique. With moist clay he forms upon it a sort of mask in the likeness of the person to whom the skull originally belonged, and when the clay is dry he paints the features attractively.

Among the appeturances of the bachelors' house, the bachelors are placed along the walls. Here again the artistic taste of the occupant comes into play. Humane like effigies cut out of wood, carrying substantial hooks on their feet, are hung up in New Guinea the men and children. The women wear only a short grass petticoat. The hair of a typical native man is a bush of kinky fuzz, standing up on his head in a mass as big as a half-bushel mess-

The Skull of a Slain Enemy Equipped With a Rattan Loop for Hanging. It Laps in the Hat of the Conqueror.

ure. These girls were flowers in their hair, with armlets and anklets of green leaves, and sometimes necklaces of dogs' teeth.

Some of the young women are very pretty, with brown hair and light-brown skin, through which, on their cheeks, the color shows. The price of a wife, near the coast, where the natives have contact with the whites, is a knife, a looking glass, or perhaps a piece of calico big enough to make a petticoat. Strangely enough, New Guinea head-hunters with all their primitive lust for killing, seldom if ever make a raid on an enemy village with a view to carrying off some of the fairest belles of the community as their brides. In the main they conform to the marriage customs of the country and court the ladies of their hearts or butler for them in the open market.

The head-hunter's chief interest in life is, as his name implies, to hunt heads, and it never occurs to him to go on a rampage in quest of feminine beauty. In order to maintain his standing among his fellows, he must keep up his end of a murderous game and, with him, playing the Don Juan is a secondary occupation.

A number of very attractive girls were offered to members of the expedition for wives. Of one of these the vendor said: "Her name is Lucena. Is she not lovely? Her arms are round as bamboo; her form is supple as the climbing vine; her skin is smooth as a young banana leaf; her eyes are as bright as dew in the morning. She is a fine girl, and she can run as fast as a kangaroo." The price of this attractive young female was an axe. But the expedition was not in pursuit of wives, it was looking for plants and sugar cane. It seems that New Guinea was the original home of the sugar cane, which from that source has been carried to all parts of the tropical world. Some varieties are grown under cultivation by the head-hunting aborigines, who use the stalks as shafts for arrows.

The sugar cane industry in our Southwestern States is undergoing a period of great depression, owing to certain diseases that attack the plant, and the chief aim of the expedition was to procure disease-resistant varieties, which may prove valuable in Louisiana and other parts of the South.

Discarded His Wife, Home and Career Like Old Clothes—and Nobody Knows Why

ALMOST everybody in Evansville, Ind., knew Allen Yeager and liked him. He was looked upon as one of the city's most promising and most fortunate young men, for he was married to Ann Pennington, only child of R. H. Pennington and heiress to her father's ample fortune, and held a well-paying position as secretary-treasurer of the brokerage firm in which his father-in-law is a partner.

In the six years since his marriage to Ann Pennington, which was an elaborate affair attended by the city's elite, Allen had seemed happy. Friends of the Yeagers pointed to them as an extraordinarily well-matched couple. Yeager continued to apply himself to his job as he had before his marriage and was the warm friend of hundreds of boys in the community.

And because Allen Yeager was such a tall fellow well met with so many friends in Evansville, the whole city was shocked when his motorboat was found overturned in the Ohio River. Hundreds of his friends turned out to search for him and covered every foot of the Ohio and Kentucky shores hoping against hope that they would not find the thing they sought. After several days of searching the last hope was abandoned and Evansville waited sadly

for the body of Allen Yeager to float. Then two boys who knew Yeager reported that they had seen the young man sitting on the river bank long after midnight on the day that the overturned motorboat had been found. Not far away, they said, Yeager's car was parked. And because Yeager had, a short time before his disappearance, told his father-in-law and his wife that he had sold the car to pay pressing debts, Mr. Pennington began to make a quiet investigation on other lines.

Mr. Pennington learned from the records of the local automobile club that the car had been sold to an Alan Morris, whose residence at the time of the transaction was given as a local hotel. A check of the hotel register failed to show that any such person lived there, or had ever registered there.

Past on the heels of this revelation came the confession of Carl Cowles, 17-year-old high school boy, that Yeager was not the victim of a drowning accident but had decided to leave Evansville. Cowles confessed that Yeager had asked him to help him carry out his plan and that he had driven Yeager's car to the spot where it was found.

Further questioning by police drew for the body of Allen Yeager to float. Then two boys who knew Yeager reported that they had seen the young man sitting on the river bank long after midnight on the day that the overturned motorboat had been found. Not far away, they said, Yeager's car was parked. And because Yeager had, a short time before his disappearance, told his father-in-law and his wife that he had sold the car to pay pressing debts, Mr. Pennington began to make a quiet investigation on other lines.



Allen Yeager, of Evansville, Indiana, Whose Plot to Fake Suicide Was Revealed by a Friend. —On the Left—Mrs. Ann Yeager, the Puzzled Wife of Allen Yeager, Who Left Her and Her Home for Apparently No Reason to Pretend Suicide, and Then Became a Waiter.

from Cowles the information that Yeager had given him an address where he might send mail, and particularly newspaper accounts of his tragic "drowning." The address was "Alan Morris, Ludington, Michigan."

The police at Ludington were notified to be on the lookout for Yeager. They found him swimming at a beach a few miles out of town.

Under questioning by the Ludington police, he said that he had staged the drowning hoax in order to escape his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Yeager, of Princeton, Indiana, and his wife, Mildred, who had collected the \$50,000 insurance on his life. This money, he said, would have squared debts he owed to his parents and his father-in-law.

Mr. Pennington revealed that his son-in-law's debts totaled only about \$5,000, and that neither he nor Yeager's parents were pressing the young man for the money. Yeager lived in the Pennington home, his expenses were light and his salary was sufficient for him to have paid what he owed in a few years.

Mr. Pennington, who thought a great deal of his son-in-law, said he was "through with him" when he was told Yeager's explanation of his strange behavior. He could not understand, in spite of Allen's story that he wanted to square his debts through his apparent death, why the young man should leave a good position, an adoring wife and the brightest of future prospects.

Ann Yeager, seemingly stunned by the unexpected turn in her admittedly happy domestic situation, declined to discuss it beyond the statement that she and her husband had had no quarrel. She would not say that she would bring suit for divorce—although, it is said, the ignored letters her husband wrote her after his "drowning."

Yeager, finding no bargains made against him and no invitation to return home—look a job as head waiter at the Hotel Michigan. His one comment on the extraordinary case was, "I've made a mess of things."



Sculpture of a Bank Burglar Carved on the Front of a Brooklyn, New York, Bank.

Bank's Odd Warning to Thieves

THE clean geometric masses and heights of the modern skyscraper have inspired many architects to abandon traditionally formal decorations on the exteriors of buildings and to adorn their creations with figures and designs in the modern manner.

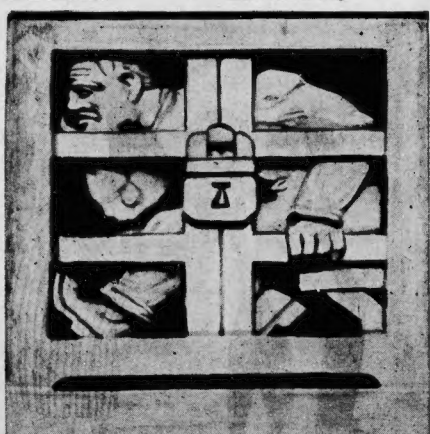
No better example of this trend in architectural decoration can be found than the twin bas reliefs on either side of the main portal of the new thirty-four story Williamsburg Bank Building in Brooklyn, N. Y.

One of these sculptures depicts a masked yeggman, dark lantern in one hand and a safe-cracking instrument in the other, creeping stealthily along with his cage secretly fastened with a huge padlock. The burglar is sitting on a bench dolefully holding his head in one of his hands, very evidently displeased with the price he's paying for his unsuccessful attempt at bank robbing. The sculptor who carved the unique figures had a deep sense of humor, for the postures and expression of the

yeggman, "before and after," never fail to bring smiles to the faces of passersby. But the story that the figures tell is a serious one—for would-be bank robbers—and is intended to warn thieves contemplating a "job" inside the new bank of the fate that will befall them if they try it.

Several architects who have visited the new bank have made a particular study of the odd and interesting use of decorations that tell a story and which are particularly adapted to the building which they adorn. These architects will make use of the novel idea in other buildings now under construction or being designed.

It may be that the officials of the bank had the curious modernistic figures placed over the bank entrance as a grimly humorous challenge to members of the bank-robbing profession, for the Williamsburg Bank has one of the largest and strongest vaults in the world. In addition to this vault, with its ponderous steel door, which is opened and closed by electricity, the bank is equipped with the most modern and efficient of burglar alarm systems.



Another Sculpture on the Other Side of the Wall, Showing What Happened to Robbers. This One is Securely Held Behind Prison Bars.

Mr. Green of Kentucky Wants Back His Bride On His Mules

He Paid 4 Good Ones for Her
but She Ran Home Because

There Were 9 Little
Greens She Didn't
Know About—and
Now the Clans

Are
Oiling
Up
Their
Guns and Six-Shooters



Mr. Green, Who Traded 4 Mules for the Parental Blessing on His Elopement With Little Louise and Lost Both Mules and Bride.

MR. EDWARD GREEN, of Christian County, Kentucky, gave up four perfectly good mules for what he thought was a good wife, the thirteen-year-old Louise Gibbs. But Ed did not get permanent possession of his four-mule bride, nor would her papa, Mr. Henry Gibbs, return those mules.

That did not seem right, and in Kentucky they sometimes argue things out with bullets. So the Green clan and the Gibbs clan started oiling up rifles and six-shooters to begin one of those old-fashioned Kentucky feuds which the authorities have tried to discourage by keeping first Mr. Gibbs and then Mr. Green in jail. Nobody is dead yet, but it's got to be settled somehow.

Ed Green had been away from Kentucky for a long time. In fact, he went to Detroit before Louise was born. There he married and the union was "blessed" with nine children in rapid succession, after which the worn-out mother died. Green at once felt the need of a new wife, not that he wanted any more in the family, but someone to take care of the plenty he already had. As a bachelor, Mr. Green was not a bad catch. He had established a thriving second-hand furniture business and was making good money. Several nice young ladies of Detroit received his attentions with favor until they learned of his brood of nine. Then the romances always came to an abrupt end.

Disgusted with the up-to-date city women's attitude, Mr. Green decided to find himself a good old-fashioned wife, and knew just where to look. Placing the children and the business in competent hands, he got into the fiver and drove back to the old home-stand outside of Hopkinsville, Ky., early this summer. There he renewed acquaintance with Henry Gibbs, who had been a boy in short pants when Ed saw him last, but now was a married man, 32 years old, with a daughter, Louise, aged 13 but looking nearer 18.

Ed himself was 42, in years older than Louise's father, who may have seemed rather aged to a maid of 13, but Mr. Green dangled Louise with a city polish. He wore a collar and even a necktie on weekdays as well as Sundays, kept his shoes shined, trousers pressed and his hair slicked down, which made him delightfully conspicuous in the eyes of the women, regardless of what the men said.

Louise was pretty and gave promise of being even sexier. There was an unspoken girl who had known none of the luxuries of life, the raw material for a good old-fashioned wife, who would probably be grateful for the advantages he could offer her. To make sure, Ed asked how she would like to live in the great city of Detroit, have plenty of clothes bought right out of a store, dine in restaurants with music, see moving pictures every day and have an ice cream soda whenever she felt like it. Louise's eyes shone and she said she could see that she was in love, if not with him, at least with the idea.

When he finally asked Louise to



Mr. Gibbs, Mother-in-Law of Mr. Green.

marry him and enjoy all these things, the young girl replied that she sure would in a minute, but that her parents would not hear of it at her age. Mr. Green feared that this was true, so he decided to marry first and get the consent afterward. Louise was willing, but the license clerk at the small neighboring town of Cadiz saw that the girl was at least less than 18 and demanded the parental consent first.

As this was asking the impossible, the ardent groom simply wrote the consent himself and signed it with his future father-in-law's name. The ceremony was then performed and the happy pair returned to the bride's home to make that little matter of consent authentic. Ed knew that there would be some "tail swearing," but he was not worried because parents almost always become resigned when it is too late to do anything else.

But in this case it was not too late. Gibbs discovered that spurious consent and threatened not only to have the marriage annulled but to send Green to prison for forgery. This was serious. Ed began to negotiate, and finally they settled on four good farm mules which the son-in-law was to pay in consideration of the paternal approval, blessing and promise not to prosecute on that forged paper in the clerk's office. The payment happened to be made in mules instead of money, because Mr. Green's cousin, who had owed him a debt for many years, had just offered to square it for four mules.

The four long-eared beasts were duly delivered to Mr. Gibbs and accepted and as the bride and groom drove off amid the general felicitations, sounded a jarring note of "hesitation."

For prying laugh was prophetic. The bride and groom lived happily afterward only until they reached Detroit, entered Green's house and

Mrs. Green's eyes fell on her husband's offspring, lined up to receive her, one of whom was a girl as old as herself. Their new mamma took one horrified look, uttered a piercing shriek, and never stopped traveling until she was back under her father's roof.

Here she was soon followed by the much-embarrassed groom who declared that he had told Louise about the nine little darlings she was to mother. If he did, she must have been thinking of new dresses or some other pleasant subject and had not heard him. Anyway, Mr. Gibbs was firm in his decision that no daughter of his need be mother of nine at the age of thirteen unless she wished. Mr. Green, with a sigh, surrendered to the inevitable. His romance had crashed but he said:

"All right, you have broken my heart, but give me back my four mules."

Mr. Gibbs argued that this was unfair. He had done his part, delivered the daughter, consent, blessing and all and refrained from prosecution. He had not guaranteed that she would be a dutiful wife, no man could guarantee that. Anyway, it was too late. He had sold the mules to his next-door neighbor for \$225 cash which had been applied as first payment on a car and a radio set and he would have to hustle to meet the other payments for the next six months, so there could be no thought of restitution in mules or money.



Mr. Gibbs, Louise's Pa, Who Sold the 4 Mules Before His Daughter Ran Back Home to Him, and Down's See Why He Now Has to Give Up Either Mules or Daughter to Mr. Green.

entitled to his wife, his mules or their equivalent in cash, while the Gibbs clan was equally sure that Henry owed him nothing. Members of the two families began to scowl at each other and the absence from the state, had become more law-minded than bullet-minded and hired a Hopkinsville lawyer to see if something could be done. Something could. Henry Gibbs was lodged in jail on charges of having sold property that was not his.

As soon as Papa Gibbs was safely behind the bars, Husband Green put on his best suit carefully pressed, his hair slicked, a diamond in his tie and with his best city manner, called on his bride. He had wooed her once and he knew that the proverb says, "What man hath done, man can do."

He was willing to concede parking a reasonable amount of the young Greens with relatives.

His wife met him at the door but he did not get far. She stuck her tongue out at him but that was not what hurt his feelings. It was looking into the muzzle of a large six-shooter,

in the capable hands of one of Louise's numerous uncles. The uncle began and ended the conversation with the statement that he was going to blow Ed's liver clear into the next county. He was pointing not at Mr. Green's sympathy, and his wife promised to be a sister to him, but that would be about all.

Mr. Green was not satisfied and complained and complained to his many relatives, who agreed that he certainly was a square fellow before the Gibbs clan. The police handed a summons to each warrior to appear before Police Judge Alvin H. Clark. With this in their hands, they decided to hear the judge before shooting. His lecture on life imprisonment, hangings and other unpopular features of the law seemed to have a depressing effect causing them to all go home quietly.

Ed's success with the law moved his wife to come to the jail and demand her "legal right" to join her father in captivity where she would be safe from possible kidnapping by her husband. Jailer David Clapp informed the young lady that nobody has any right to live in a jail, and besides he once let a woman stay there over Sunday and she criticized the service. Others of the Gibbs tribe lodged complaints of Green's three agents.

Meanwhile Green himself was trying to open up diplomatic relations with his father-in-law whom he had caused to be imprisoned. First he sent in delicacies not on the jail menu. Gibbs sniffed hungrily at these offerings but refused them. Finally however, he allowed himself to be drawn into negotiations which ended in his son-in-law's

Mr. Green, Arguing That "What Man Hath Done, Man Can Do," Put on His Greased Trousers, Shined His Shoes, Cleaned All Up and Took a Bouquet and Went to His Runaway Bride's Home to Try to Get Her Back, but Instead of a Reconciliation He Looked Squarely Into the Muzzle of the Big Six-Shooter of One of Her Uncles, and Uncle and Bride Told Him to Get Right Away From There, Which Mr. Green Promptly Did.

withdrawing the complaint and causing his release.

This was followed by a grand conference of the most important members of the two clans to settle the matter peacefully. Ed said he was willing to pocket his pride because his public was demanding him back in the furniture business and two children were sick. After several days' debate, with their artillery left at home, they came to a harmonious decision. The articles of peace were as follows:

First, Mr. Gibbs was not to return any mules or money but Green was to get his wife back.

Second, in consideration of this and the fact that he was to have the whole nine little Greens around the house, he must also take both parents-in-law to live with him, in order to balance the household and help bring up the youngsters. Peace reigned. Gibbess and Greens put their guns away and met each other on the street with beautiful smiles. Henry and his family packed up, gave away the dog and sold the chickens. Ed negotiated a loan for transporting them and their belongings. All was in readiness when the law made what many think was a slight mistake. Ed, about to crank the flivver for the departure with his wife, was arrested and taken to the workhouse for 30 days.

It seems that Lennie Gibbs, another of the numerous uncles, at the height of the excitement, had testified impressively in the police court that Ed had threatened to kill members of Louise's family including her mother. The judge had reserved decision at the time and had apparently out of all the alleged threats that was against a murder-in-law seemed plausible to the judge.

And now that all were friends again, the decision was handed down and the unfortunate Ed had to go to jail. This gave Louise time to change her mind and she did. She now says she won't go back to her husband on any terms. It is reported that the killing up is on again.

The World's First Training Ship For Sailor Girls

There is Never a Shortage of Cooks, and the Young Sailor Girls Cooperate Easily in the Marine Household Tasks.

PARIS. THE residents of Deauville, gayest of French watering places, are accustomed to unusual sights. They pay only scant attention when an Oriental prince strolls along the boardwalk with a bevy of beautiful wives, when a celebrated star of the Folies Bergères frolics on the sand in a jeweled bathing suit that leaves practically nothing to the imagination, or when some swarthy maharajah comes out of the East to drop a million francs in a few hours' play at the gaming tables.

But careful, blasé Deauville sat up and took notice a while ago, when a trim sailing ship dropped anchor off the beach and lowered a whaleboat manned by twelve sun-tanned sailor maids, who handled the oars with all the skill of hard-bitten sea dogs. In the stern of the whaleboat was a woman nautically dressed in a blue coat and skirt and a seagoing cap that sat jauntily on her bobbed head.

The woman was Captain Yvonne Herbert, skipper of the



good ship Alcyon, and the bronzed figures who pulled the oars were some of the crew of society girls, who are learning how to be real sailors under her tutelage.

Well might Deauville have been thrilled by its unexpected visitors, for the Alcyon is the only training ship

The Hour of Inspection, During Which the Pretty Sailors Are Lined Up on Deck With Military Precision.

for girls in the world. Captain Herbert explained that the ship was on its way to the Mediterranean, and that her girls would be able-bodied sailors before they returned to their homes in Paris and London and Brussels, for the personnel of the Alcyon is made up of girls whose parents can afford to send them on about the most exciting vacation that a girl can have.

Mme. Herbert is a "master" mariner, and she is teaching her pupils the art of navigation, from reefing a topsail to boxing a compass. They are quite as handy at swabbing the decks and manning the pumps, and when they go into the galley, turn out a better meal than many an experienced sea-cook.

Sued the Woman He Had Wooed for \$50,000 Damages

FOURTEEN years ago Emery Emmet Davis, finding that his modest business was growing, hired a pretty high school graduate to help him with his correspondence. He engaged her at a salary of \$10 a week.

During the next few years this comely employee made herself indispensable to Mr. Davis because of her ability to take care of a great volume and variety of detail. Also she married. Eventually she learned so much about her employer that she was able to take over his business. For that was his efficient treasurer's name—Mrs. Davis Boring Tool Company.

For years Emery Davis and Mrs. Evelyn Gardner, for that was his efficient treasurer's name—practically ran the affairs of the Davis Boring Tool Company even though that concern had grown to the proportions of a million-dollar organization.

And then something happened. Mrs. Gardner sent out a letter to the stockholders of the company that, according to Davis, wrecked his business. And then she severed her connection with the concern to become the head of a thriving enterprise known as the Universal Business Service Company.

Emery Davis' many business acquaintances were wondering what had happened when the St. Louis papers broke out with black headlines which told a curious public that Mr. Davis was suing his former treasurer, the woman who had been his closest business associate, for \$50,000 damages.

And all the allegations that the manufacturer made against Mrs. Gardner were not linked directly with the fiscal affairs of the Davis Boring Tool Company. Some of them had to do with a surreptitious romance between Davis and the woman he had hired as a pretty high school graduate. And they were fraught with hints of stolen trips together and of violent scenes that found their climax in a "conference" in Mrs. Gardner's office. On that occasion, according to Davis, his former treasurer summoned a burly watchman and had him forcibly ejected from her presence.

Emery Davis, although a chivalrous man at heart, came to the conclusion that all his troubles could be laid



Mrs. Evelyn Gardner, Who Is Being Sued by Her Former Employer for \$50,000 Damages.

to the womanly wiles that Mrs. Gardner practiced upon him. And, through his attorney, he said so in a formal complaint setting forth that he had lost not only his business but many other things in succumbing to Mrs. Gardner's lures. These other things included 41 pounds of flesh, his hair, his health and the respect and affection of his invalid wife.

Women were forever suing men when they imagined themselves wronged, argued Mr. Davis, why should he not reverse the process and seek damages when he was the victim of a woman's whim?

In a long and detailed deposition Davis bared much of his version of the romance that grew up between him and his treasurer.

"I am only a human being," he said. "I fell for her tears and her sympathy racket. This is the first time I had ever erred. It all happened this way—My wife had been an invalid for five and a half months when Mrs. Gardner had been separated from her husband. We both had our troubles. Mrs. Gardner would sympathize with me and I would sympathize with her. So the time came when we had a mutual understanding that we would be married when my wife died. My wife does not know of my friendship with Mrs. Gardner and she will die when she finds it out."

This prediction did not come true, but Mrs. Davis did suffer a complete collapse when she read the scandal in the papers and was unable to appear at the deposition hearing to which she was summoned as a witness. It is said that she has threatened to leave her husband and that she is contemplating demanding her legal share of his property.

While painting himself as the victim and not the aggressor in his luckless romance with Mrs. Gardner, the husband-manufacturer admits that he took nearly a dozen trips out of town with his one-time treasurer. Sometimes they went to New York, sometimes to Chicago and, on occasion, to Boston.

Mrs. Gardner admitted that she accompanied her employer on several trips to Chicago but intimated that the journeys were purely of a business nature. And she vigor-

The Sailor Girls Show Remarkable Agility Scaling the Rigging to the Peak of the Great Mast of the Training Ship.

cously denied, at the deposition hearing, that she was responsible for sending out the stockholders' notice that Davis claims wrecked his business.

With curt candor she told the lawyers present at the hearing that "Mr. Davis was afraid to take the responsibility for this notice because he didn't have guts enough to stand behind it." She vehemently denied that she had exercised her wiles to become a power in the affairs of the company and said that, on the contrary, she was a "flunkie" and a "slave" who went five years without a vacation.

"I have made a big mistake," she said at the hearing. "One of the biggest sorrows of my life has been my connection with Mr. Davis."

Meanwhile Emery Davis continues his battle to get \$50,000 from the woman with whom he was intimately associated for several years, and his attack is as ruthless as it is unusual. The one note of chivalry in his suit is his frank admission that she is as skilled at business administration as she is at playing the vampire and that she knew more about the financial affairs of the company than any member on its board of directors.

Planes That Pick Up and Deliver the Mail Without Stopping

ONE of the most interesting things about rural railway stations where express trains do not stop is the swinging arm that projects out to the rails and on which a mail bag hangs. An express train comes tearing by, the clerk on the mail coach extends a hook which grasps the mail bag, pulls it from the station's mail

arm, and flies onward without even a pause.

The invention provides fast mail service for hundreds of small towns in America. Now, the airplane has adopted a similar invention and it is possible for a mail pilot to pick up or deliver a sack of mail without stopping in his flight over the country.

This device is extremely simple, something his list of the mail train.

It will permit airplanes to fly at a speed of 100 miles an hour while the mail bags are being delivered or taken on.

With mail thus quickly loaded, it will be possible for mail clerks to work their routes while the plane is in mid-air, sorting it and then attaching it to the cable that will deliver it to the town that the aviator flies over.

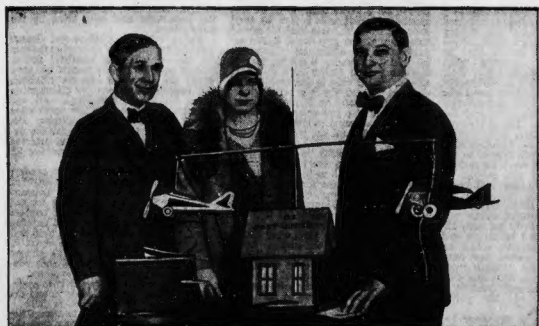
and coming to a sort of spout.

Technically, the device consists of a "trap" or flat funnel, which may be installed on an airport, the roof of a building or deck of a ship, and an automatic releasing apparatus which is installed in the plane. This reel is from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet in length and consists of one-eight inch cable, which has a

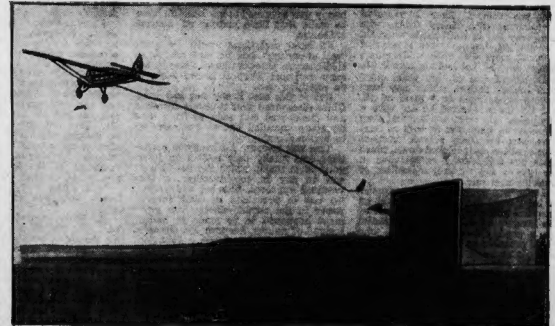
taken aboard; thus, one pouch is taken and one is left in the "trap." In making this connection with the pouch to be taken, a catapult is released which sends the bag forward in the direction the plane is traveling at a speed equal to that of the plane, thus absorbing the shock that might otherwise break the cable.

Each mail sack has a thimble attached, with a short length of cable.

This thimble has a slot running through it from end to end. The bag is placed in the catapult basket and the open end of the thimble placed over the escapement formed by the restriction at the end of the funnel, with the slot in the thimble corresponding with the slot in the funnel. The ball is drawn into the thimble and carries it away with the load attached.



Dr. Adams and Clifford Barr, With Mrs. Barr, Exhibiting a Model of the Airplane Mail Pickup Now in Use on the Pittsburgh-Cleveland Air Mail Route.



A Practical Demonstration of the Pickup Device. The Catapult Shoots the Bag Forward as the Cable Grasps It, So as to Prevent a Breaking Jerk on the Line.

Why The Bathroom is the Most Dangerous Room in the House

Life Insurance Statistics and the Family Doctor's Experiences

Reveal Sixteen Kinds of Casualties, Most of Which Could Never Happen in Any Other Part of the Home

One of the Chief Dangers in the Bathroom Comes From Electric Shock Through Touching Lighting or Heating Apparatus When the Hands or Whole Body Are Wet. A—The Light Socket. B—The Faucet Which Completes the Circuit.

It is an old joke to say that bed is the most dangerous place in the world because statistics show that more people die in bed than anywhere else. But it is no joke that beds actually are dangerous articles, as disclosed by the fact that in 1928 something over 40,000 people in the United States were injured getting in or out of them. Still less is it a joke, as insurance statistics and the case books of the family doctors reveal, that another familiar household article, the bathtub, is dangerous enough almost to be ranked as a deadly weapon.

Bathrooms, these same unquestionable figures show, are the most dangerous rooms frequented by human beings; many more so than the work-rooms of factories or even the engine-rooms of ocean-going steamships. Not only is it in the bathroom that the highest percentages of home accidents occur, but there are more different ways in which the average human being can have a casualty in a bathroom than anywhere else in the house.

Not long ago the daring "stunt" motion picture actress, Miss Juanita Hansen, was dangerously scalded by boiling hot water which she alleged, came out of the tap marked "Cold" in a hotel bathroom. Last Spring Major-General W. C. Neville, who served in the United States Marine in four wars without a wound, broke a rib when he slipped and fell out of his bathtub in a Washington club. At Morristown, New Jersey, during last July, a mother fainted from heat and closeness of the air while she was bathing her baby in a bathtub. When she recovered the baby had drowned.

In London last December, Coroner Dr. W. H. Whitehouse issued an official warning against the danger of electrocution by taking hold of an electric light fixture while standing in a bathtub containing water; probably the cause of more fatal electric shocks in the home than any other cause put together. In Forest Hills, a suburb of New York City, a man slipped on a piece of soap in his bathtub, fell out, struck his head on the edge of the tub and was dead in five minutes. Last year in Camden-Town, London, Mr. W. F. Maishman put his collar button in his mouth while he washed his face at a washbasin. He swallowed the button and choked to death before help could reach him.

Even the danger of germ infection is increased, experts say, by the bathtub. Dr. Carman Pope, Louisville, Kentucky, a well-known American expert on curative bathing and other forms of physical therapy, stated recently that the "bathtub is the dirtiest way of getting clean." The bath sponge is often a storehouse of germs and many cases of infection have been traced to them. On grounds of cleanliness and sanitation, Dr. Pope prefers a shower-bath. But even that is not free from danger, for the accident statistics show that thousands of Americans each year are injured by slipping on the smooth floor of the shower, finding nothing substantial to catch hold of, and landing a second or two later on the floor or on some near-by article of bathroom furniture.

The statistics of bathroom accidents in America to hurt itself in bathrooms are not exact, for the reason that not all of the States keep accurate records of accidents. Even in those States where such statistics are kept, the object that causes the injury, whether bed or bathtub or step ladder, is not always recorded. Probably the most accurate figures for the causes of home accidents are those assembled each year by the Travelers Insurance Company, covering accidents reported by holders



The Bath Sponge, Unless Continually Sterilized, Is Frequently a Storehouse of Germs, and Many Cases of Infection Have Been Traced to It.

Photograph of Miss Hansen, Showing Some of the Area Where the Livid Scars of the Scalding She Received Still Remain.

One million five hundred thousand or more of these are due to falls, into or out of something. About 75,000 are due to falls started somehow or other by shower-baths or bathtubs. Adding the other bathroom accidents, it is safe to say that during 1930 at least 100,000 people in the United States will be more or less seriously injured in this most dangerous of household rooms. Of these, at least 400 will die.

Loose rugs on slippery floors are also a potent cause of home accidents, but that takes into account almost every room in the house and every hour of the waking day, not merely the few minutes each night and morning which the bathroom receives. The dangers of bed are also dwarfed, in comparison, when the time of exposure to risk is taken into account. According to the "Travelers" figures about half as many persons were hurt in 1928 while getting in or out of bed as were hurt in bathtubs. In 1927 this was reversed, a few more people being hurt in beds than in bathtubs, but 1927, for some reason or other, was a year of lame bathbaths; only about one-half as many policyholders being damaged by them as in 1928.

One great reason for the seriousness of bathroom mishaps is the habit of locking the bathroom door. The person who is injured has difficulty trying to get out and may be injured further. Persons outside fail to learn that anything has gone wrong or are unable to aid until tools have been brought to batter down the door. "Not many people," a writer said recently, "would deliberately shut

themselves inside a locked closet with a tiger, a rattlesnake and a flash of lightning. Yet prudence has led most men and women into a habit almost equally silly, that of locking themselves in a bathroom full of dangerous perils, whenever they take a bath."

Not long ago Dr. Guy Hinsdale, of Hot Springs, Virginia, tabulated for the American Medical Association sixteen distinct causes of bathroom injuries. First on his list are falls in or around the bathtub or shower; the same cause which bulked so large in the insurance figures and in the lists of bathroom deaths. The late Sir Arthur Pearson, famous British publisher, met his death, Dr. Hinsdale records, by slipping while in the bathtub, stunning himself by a blow on the head and drowning in the tub before anyone in the household knew that anything was wrong.

Next on Dr. Hinsdale's list come four forms of physical collapse which are especially common in the hot, close and moist atmosphere of a bathroom and which easily may be fatal unless immediate aid is at hand. A mere faintness or vertigo may be sufficient, he points out, to cause death by drowning or merely by the collapse itself. John L. Sullivan, the famous prize fighter, died in this way. Dr. Hinsdale states, in the bathtub of his Boston home.

Collapse or death by epileptic fit, heart failure or apoplexy while in the bathtub or shower are also common, Dr. Hinsdale states, and may easily be followed by drowning if the victim is not already dead and is not rescued. Bathtub drowning from other causes is not uncommon. A judge in Albany, New York, was found drowned in his bathtub. Dr. Hinsdale reports, the only indication of the cause being that he was known to be subject to spells of dizziness.

Seventh, eighth and ninth of Dr. Hinsdale's list are scalding accidents unfortunately all too common, both in home bathtubs and when baths are given in bath houses or other institutions.

Deaths and injuries in Turkish baths and other special baths are also mentioned in Dr. Hinsdale's list, but his chief remaining ones are the danger of

electric shock in the bathroom and the danger of being poisoned by the fumes from gas heaters and similar devices. The danger of electric shock is due to the wetting of the body. Most of the resistance which the body offers to the passage of electricity is provided by a very thin layer of the skin; the dry, horny layer on the skin's outer surface. In the ordinary household lighting wires the electricity has a voltage of only about 110 volts. This is usually too small to kill or seriously injure anyone. The hard, electrically resistant layer of the skin keeps this small voltage from penetrating the body seriously, although a higher voltage might do so.

But to wet the skin lowers enormously its resistance to electricity. Every experienced electrician knows that he can touch the bare lighting wires with reasonable impunity so long as his hands are dry, but not if they are wet. To stand in a bathtub full of water, which means, of course, that the water is connected to the ground through the water pipes and drain pipes, and then to touch a bare electric wire with the wet hand is almost certain death.

No one would be so foolish, probably, as to touch a bare electric wire purposely, but sometimes the same thing happens by accident. One bathbather, for example, had his protective insulation broken or worn off, so that the bare wire comes into unseen contact with the metal part of the lighting fixture somewhere inside the device. To touch such a "grounded" fixture with wet hands, especially when the body is in contact with metal objects connected to the ground or to the household piping, is a very grave danger. Every year scores of people in the United States are killed in this way.

The danger of the bathroom gas heater, due to the poisonous gas called carbon monoxide, the same gas which is contained in the exhaust gases of automobile engines.

If a gas heater or a coal stove must be used in a bathroom, extreme care should be taken to see that the fire has always plenty of air, so that the poisonous carbon monoxide will not be formed, and to make sure, also, that the bathroom is always well ventilated. Dr. Hinsdale's list of sixteen common bathroom accidents is a formidable one. The statistics of bathroom dangers are perhaps more frightening still. Yet the prevention of almost every one of these accidents requires nothing but reasonable care and foresight. If every sensible American householder took a half hour off some day to study the dangers of his own bathroom and to contrive ways of avoiding them, the number of bathroom accidents probably would decrease by one-half or three-fourths within a week.

One simple precaution, which nevertheless few bathrooms possess, is a strong bar or handhold of some kind, screwed to the wall, beside tub or shower, so that it can be grabbed quicker if the bather slips. To prevent danger from bathroom electric shocks the policy of careful electricians is never to install an electric fixture so that it can be reached by a person in the tub or by a person with his hands in the washbowl if the fixtures themselves are unreachably and the switches are at some little distance, no electric death will happen in that bathroom.

Perhaps the most elementary precaution, however, is one which almost no bathroom possesses. This is some device for giving an alarm outside in case of accident. A convenient electric push button is good. A screened hole through which a call for help can be heard outside might be even better. Doubtless modern safety engineers could perfect still better devices; alarms registering if anyone fell in the bathroom, self-unlocking doors for emergencies, or still more direct ways of summoning aid.

The Shower-Bath, While the Most Sanitary Form of Bathing, Registers High in the List of Accidents Through Falls of the Bather on Slippery Tub Bottoms or Floors.

of that company's policies. In 1928 the total of these accidents was 28,561. Five thousand nine hundred and ten of them were accidents in homes—almost as many as the automobile accidents and more than the accidents suffered in all kinds of sport, from baseball to prize fighting. Of the home accidents, about 40 per cent were due to falls of one kind or another, and almost 2 per cent were due to falls into or out of bathtubs or showers. To these bathroom falls there must be added, too, the people who cut themselves with razors and other bathroom utensils, people electrically shocked in bathtubs, people poisoned by the fumes of bathroom heaters, people burned by steam and hot water, and all the other victims of bathroom casualties.

In the whole United States in a year about 24,000 people are killed, it is estimated by the National Safety Council, in various kinds of home accidents. Including many accidents which are not reported individually, but the number of which can be estimated approximately from the averages, it is probably that one year's total of fatal home accidents is at least 4,000,000.

12 Simplified Baking Recipes

—Unusual Cakes, Cookies, Pastries, Hot Breads

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Betty Crocker broadcasts
her Gold Medal Home Service
Toll-free Sunday and Thursday
evenings:
10:45 A. M. Eastern Time
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Given You, Without Charge, to Simplify
Home Baking Amazingly



AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT IT DOES:
*Of 365 Women Baking These Orange
Rolls This New "Kitchen-tested"
Way, Not a Single One Failed Her
First Attempt. Actual Mixing Time
of Rolls 20 Minutes! A New Develop-
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"KITCHEN-TESTED" FLOUR

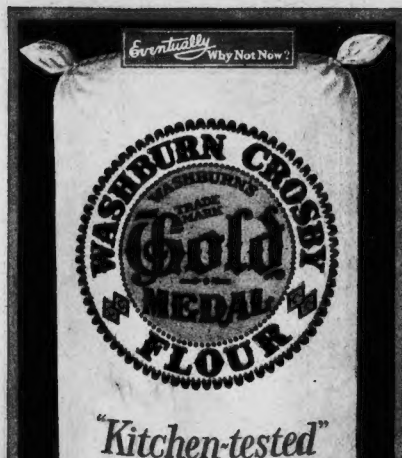
YOU have heard a great deal, no doubt, about the remarkable simplicity and striking lack of disappointments the new "Kitchen-tested" way in baking.

Now please accept the 12 most famous recipes this new way embodies (including the one for Orange Rolls), without charge. Note paragraph headed Special "Kitchen-tested" Recipes at right.

By the development of an utterly new type of flour—Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been "Kitchen-tested" in an oven just like yours, for uniformity of result in home baking, as every batch comes through the mill. Tested for cakes, pastry, biscuits and bread by a number of experts under the direction of the noted Cooking Authority, Betty Crocker, before it goes to you.

Thus Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour acts the same way with your recipes every time you use it. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in



the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results from the same recipe.

"Kitchen-tested" Flour, being unvaryingly uniform, eliminates that chance—eliminates "Good Luck" and "Bad Luck", guesswork and uncertainty, from home baking. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL "Kitchen-tested" RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special "Kitchen-tested" Recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit "Kitchen-tested" Flour exactly, and "Kitchen-tested" Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect before you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual "Kitchen-tested" recipes in every sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The one for Orange Rolls, illustrated below, is among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour at your grocer's. Use it for all baking, from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

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"Kitchen-tested" Recipe for Orange Rolls and 11 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads known.

Famous recipes have been simplified until, cooking authorities declare, this new method makes them unbelievably easy. Thousands of women find they enjoy phenomenal success, with even most difficult baking, this new way.

All 12 of these simplified "Kitchen-tested" recipes are inside every sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour. You can get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months

Here are 12 simplified famous recipes
"Simplified"
GOLD MEDAL
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes



The "Perfect Crime" Even Famous Scotland Yard Couldn't Solve

England's Famous Police Organization Fails to Solve the Mystery of the Poisoning of Nigerian Commissioner Duff, His Mother-in-Law and Pretty Sister-in-Law, and for the First Time in History Throws Up Its Hands



Officials at the Queens Road Cemetery, Croydon, Exhuming the Body of Former Commissioner Duff, the First to Die of the Mysterious Poisoning.

UNTIL a few days ago, when Scotland Yard, London's celebrated detective department, announced that it had abandoned its efforts to solve what has become known to all England as the Croydon triple murder mystery, that institution, which has been glorified in history and fiction the world over, never had admitted defeat in its fight against crime.

But that is exactly what Scotland Yard has done about its investigation into the successive deaths of Mr. Edmund Creighton Duff, formerly Great Britain's High Commissioner in Nigeria; his mother-in-law, Mrs. Violet Enola Sidney, and Mrs. Sidney's daughter, Miss Vera Sidney. All were poisoned by a cunning, resourceful killer, who left no single betraying clue.

When Scotland Yard began work on the murders, several months ago, no member of that organization would have conceded the existence of a perfect crime outside the pages of fiction. "To be perfect a murder must fall into one of three classes," say of the official criminologists who were said. And he would have added, "We have never encountered such a crime. The first class would be a murder in which the victim or victims die under circumstances that appear so natural that there would be no investigation."

"The second would be a murder where there are necessarily clues, but where the criminal has anticipated or covered them in such a way as to render them useless or misleading."

"The third would be a murder with all the aspects of accidental death."

The Croydon murders were carried out like a melodrama, one death following another in the quiet English households, in Birdhurst Rise, South Croydon, just outside of London, and leaving the widow of the former High Commissioner, her brother, and even two of the victims, under suspicion.

The plot of this real-life melodrama began taking form in 1928. On April 27, of that year, Mr. Edmund Creighton Duff returned home to his wife and two children from a fishing trip. He was fatigued and slightly indisposed. The rigors of his holiday had been a little too much for his fifty-nine years. He asked for a bottle of beer. His own stock was stored in the cool cellar, for the English do not keep their beer on ice. Nobody in the house but Mr. Duff ever took beer.

Mrs. Duff herself went to the cellar and in the presence of the family and several dinner guests opened it and poured her husband a drink. Duff drank it rapidly and made a very face. "This beer is not good," he complained, "because I heard it pop. Yet there is something wrong with it. It is very bitter."

Mrs. Duff offered to get another bottle, but Duff declined. At dinner that evening Mr. Duff became painfully ill. A physician was called and pronounced the ailment to be ptomaine poisoning. A few hours later Mr. Duff was dead.

No one else who had partaken of the dinner complained of illness. The bottle from which the beer had come and the tumbler which Mr. Duff had taken from the pantry were gone.

There was no investigation then of Mr. Duff's death, but when the authorities were called in some months later to look into the subsequent poisoning of Mrs. Sidney and her daughter, they

exhumed Mr. Duff's body and found quantities of arsenic.

On February 15, 1929, Miss Vera Sidney, the comely and athletic sister of Mr. Duff's widow, who lived with her mother, Mrs. Violet Sidney, in their own home in Birdhurst Rise, died after an illness of a few days—while her brother, Thomas Sidney, his wife and his two children were visiting at the house. The family physician diagnosed her ailment as influenza.

She, too, was buried without an inquiry. But later, when the third death was probed, her body was found to be saturated with arsenic. The poison at the time had been administered in soup.

No one else in the house ever ate soup. It had been found in the house ever since the first death. Finding it prepared by the housekeeper, Mrs. Kathleen Noakes, Mrs. Noakes had tasted some of the soup. Finding it bitter, she gave it to the cat. The cat died and Mrs. Noakes became violently ill from the little she had swallowed.

Eighteen days later, while Thomas Sidney was visiting the house, on March 5, 1929, Mrs. Violet Sidney, mother of Miss Sidney and Mrs. Noakes, died.

She had been slightly ill for three weeks. No body was greatly surprised. Every one attributed her death largely to grief for her daughter. It developed later that she had been taking medicine—a harmless tonic—for several weeks. On the night of her death she took her usual dose. After swallowing it she turned to Thomas Sidney, Mrs. Noakes and Miss Duff.

"I believe I am poisoned," she said. "This medicine has been getting more bitter every day for a week." At the time nothing was thought of this. The family physician, attributing Mrs. Sidney's death to influenza and shock, issued a formal certificate, and, like her two relatives, she was buried without question. During the next few weeks nothing of importance happened. At the numerous sessions of the inquests. In the Duff home, as well as in the Sidney home, there was a side door, usually unlocked until late at night, affording access to any prowler, and leading to the pantry where food and drinking glasses were kept.

Detective Inspector Hedges who had charge of the investigation studied all these facts and reasoned that arsenic might accidentally have found its way into the soup. By a stretch of imagi-

nation, it might have been placed by the mistake of a pharmacist in Mrs. Sidney's medicine. But it was illegal to suppose that this same poison had found a way months before into Mr. Duff's beer in a way that was not deliberate and malicious. Most certainly, the old theory was not only untenable but ridiculous. Hedges reviewed the possibilities.

Mrs. Sidney might have first killed her son-in-law and then her own daughter, and finally herself. But why? All were on the friendliest terms. On the other hand, Miss Sidney, her daughter, might have killed her brother-in-law for some fancied wrong to Mrs. Duff. But it was beyond belief that she also had killed her own mother eighteen days after her own death.

Then there was the theory that Miss Sidney had killed her brother-in-law and in remorse, killed herself, and that Mrs. Sidney overcame by grief had killed herself. But if this were true, would Miss Sidney have waited more than a year? By that time, her remorse must have dwindled.

For that matter, not one of the deaths seemed reasonable, but here were three people dead—people who loved each other and had given unmistakable signs of devotion.

A murderer kills only for revenge, hatred or greed. There was no evidence of hatred in this case, indeed it was quite the contrary. There had been no injustice calling for vindictiveness. Therefore, Hedges and his



Mrs. Grace Duff, Widow of Former Commissioner Edmund Duff, Who Was Strongly Questioned Concerning the Deaths in Her Family, But Convicted the Authorities of Her Innocence.

from the same poison. In each case, the victim was suffering from a slight illness. The poison was taken. Each victim was the only member of the household who suffered from poisoning at the time.

In Mrs. Vera Sidney's case, the poison had been placed in her soup—and she alone in that house, liked soup. In Mrs. Sidney's case, the poison which killed her was found in large proportions in the sediment of the medicine—medicine which she alone was taking.

In the case of Mr. Duff, the poison, palpably administered in liquid form, had been given to him in his beer—and Mr. Duff was the only member of his family who drank beer."

Still another—possibly significant—feature was that to which the coroner, Dr. H. Beecher Jackson, called attention at the numerous sessions of the inquests. In the Duff home, as well as in the Sidney home, there was a side door, usually unlocked until late at night, affording access to any prowler, and leading to the pantry where food and drinking glasses were kept.

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Miss Vera Sidney, Who Died From Poisoned Soup a Little Over a Year After Commissioner Duff, Her Brother-in-Law, Was Poisoned.

joyed an allowance from her that exceeded the interest on this sum and the longer her mother lived, the more she would gain!

From her husband she received only what she already owned aside from the insurance which provided merely an ordinary sum. Her profits under her sister's will were less than the many bills that Miss Sidney had been in the habit of paying for Mrs. Duff.

The next suspect was Mrs. Noakes. Unless her motive was desire for revenge upon someone in the Sidney household she had no reason and nothing to gain. Moreover, she knew Mr. Duff only casually. Her testimony opened up a new line of investigation. She deposed that while on her way from the kitchen to serve the deadly soup to Miss Sidney, she had placed the bowl on the sideboard near the pantry door, while she went to answer the telephone. The person calling on the wire muttered unintelligibly and rang off. In the interim, a prowler through the side door could have dropped poison into the soup. The telephone call was verified. It had come from a pay station.

Thomas Sidney, brother of Vera and son of Mrs. Violet Sidney, an entertainer and vaudeville performer who has toured America several times, came next under the scrutiny of the detectives. At the inquest into his mother's death, he gave his answers with unbecoming facetiousness and was frequently rebuked by the coroner.

There developed absolutely nothing to justify suspicion against him. True enough, it was he who had purchased the weed-killer. But his mother had wanted it. Also, he had been present when his mother and sister died, but like Mrs. Duff he had lost to gain by their deaths than by allowing them to live. His allowance was generous. Furthermore, he had not been in the Duff home later than three weeks before Mr. Duff was poisoned.

Strangely enough, although verdicts of murder had been brought in the cases of Mr. Duff and Miss Vera Sidney, the jury hearing Mrs. Sidney's case left open the question whether she had died by poison administered by persons unknown, or by suicide.

More mysterious still are other revelations brought out by the detectives at the inquest into the death of Mr. Duff's death. Mrs. Anna M. Kelvey, a boarder at the Duff home, died suddenly in the house after a sudden attack of intestinal spasms. Three years ago, two daughters of the Duff, Margaret and Susan, four and five years old, died on the same day, suddenly.

But Colonel Duff is not planning to exhumed these bodies. The case is already too perplexing, too full of confounding clues.

"Lack of evidence," Scotland Yard has announced, "forces the abandonment of the investigation."

And that, the murderer may contemplate with glee, is the vital element of the "perfect crime."



Former Commissioner Edmond Creighton Duff, Photographed in Nigeria When He Was the British High Commissioner of That District.

Mrs. Violet Enola Sidney, the Mother of Mrs. Duff and of Vera Sidney, Who Died 18 Days After Her Daughter—and Concerning Whose Death the Jury Brought in an Open Verdict Conceding a Possibility of Suicide.

detective associates concluded, the crimes must have been for gain. Discovery of a dust-covered can of weed-killer, a chemical compound with an arsenic base, in the cellar of the Birdhurst Rise home decided the detectives to look within the family for the murderer.

The detectives selected Mrs. Duff as their most logical suspect. She had been present in both houses before and at the time of death. She had ample opportunity to administer the poison in each instance. She had been a beneficiary in each of the wills. But in pursuing this line of inquiry, Scotland Yard men made little progress. Mrs. Duff was a "good woman."

She was on good terms with the deceased. By her mother's death she gained \$250,000.

But while her mother lived, she en-

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WALTHAM—Mallick Motor Sales, 14 Pine St.
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Mystery of the Walled-Up "Spook" of Borley Rectory



Like the Runaway Heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion," the Hapless Nun of Borley Was Bricked Up Alive—And Now English Psychical Researchers Are Puzzled by Strange Sights and Sounds Four Centuries After

LONDON, Sept. 13. BORLEY, a tranquil and remote little village in the English County of Suffolk, has been thrown into feverish excitement and become a center of world-wide interest because of the ghastly apparitions and strange psychical happenings which are said to have occurred there.

The incidents reported to have taken place, both inside and outside Borley Rectory, are of such an extraordinary character that leading members of the National Research Society of England have been called in to investigate. They confirm the occurrence of mysterious phenomena and are engaged in a thorough investigation.

The rector of Borley, the Rev. G. E. Smith, a highly respected clergyman, is one of those who assert that they have witnessed the mysterious apparitions of the house and locality.

The most important apparition is connected with the legend of a beautiful woman who was walled up alive, like the historic Constance de Beverley, for trying to elope. Near her appear two headless men who were beheaded for plotting to carry her off.

Many persons assert that at night they have seen the figure of a slim, young nun, wearing a flowing white veil, walking on the lawn in the shadow of the trees, and two headless men, with an ancient coach, have been frequently observed riding along the lonely roadway leading to the rectory. In the stillness of the evening the sounds of horses' hoofs where there are no horses are still heard.



The Rev. G. E. Smith, Rector of Borley Church, who says he has seen an impossible yellow light in the building and has been disturbed by strange noises.

Other mysterious occurrences besides those connected with the nun center in and about Borley Rectory. A radiant yellow light is seen occasionally in a disused wing of the rectory. Investigators state that they have seen positively that there was no light inside, although one could be seen from outside. Strange happenings have also disturbed the inmates of the rectory for years.

The records state that there was once a large convent near the site of the old rectory of Borley, on which the present building stands. In this nursery once lived a young nun who fell in love with a young nobleman who had caught sight of her over the convent wall. The nobleman and the nun used to meet secretly among the trees near the nursery.



The Walling Up of Constance de Beverley, the Historical Incident Which Sir Walter Scott immortalized in His Great Poem, "Marmion."

One dark night the lovers were about to embark on their wild adventure, but they had been betrayed. As the nun was about to enter the coach, she was stopped and taken back to the convent, where she was placed on trial and quickly found guilty of having broken her solemn vows and of having committed a deadly sin. She was then condemned to the cruel punishment of being walled up alive and left to die of suffocation or starvation. This was the same punishment that is described by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion," as having been inflicted on Constance de Beverley. She was a nun of noble birth who had fallen in love with the famous soldier, Marmion, and had run away from her nunnery, disguised as a boy, to serve as a squire in his train.

The tradition further says that the two men on the coach who were awaiting the nun at Borley were seized by serving men and after a short trial beheaded within the grounds. It is commonly believed that the powerful abbots and mother superiors of medieval times exercised despotic authority, powers of life and death, over those within their territory.

And since these far-off days, it has been reported that the nun and the headless nobleman have been seen at certain intervals. Mrs. Smith, the wife of the present rector, told a remarkable story about the ghost of Borley. "Mr. Bull, the late rector," she said, "often spoke of the remarkable experience he had one night shortly before his death, when walking along the road outside the rectory. Suddenly he heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and on looking round he saw an old-time coach coming up the road driven by two headless men. "It is an extraordinary fact that our own maid has had similar uncanny experiences. She is quite confident that she has seen the ghost of the nun on the lawn in front of the rectory, and also an old-fashioned coach drawn by bay horses. At other times she has seen the figure of a nun wearing a flowing white veil, leaning over a gate close to the rectory. "Upon taking up our residence at Borley we were told of the legend and

A Composite Photograph and Drawing of Borley Rectory, Showing the Strange Apparition of the "Walled-Up Ghost" and the Headless Nobleman and Phantom Stage Coach as Described by Those Who Say They Have Actually Seen This Extraordinary Spectacle.

"Curious noises are also heard coming from a dressing table in one of the upper bedrooms. The noises are intermittent and quite audible in the daytime. As a result of all these strange happenings we invited experts from the National Research Society, London, to come down to Borley and investigate for themselves. After their personal experiences they left, convinced that the matter demanded further psychical research."

Miss Pearson, Mrs. Smith's maid, is under no delusions regarding the apparition of the nun, and pointed out the very spot where she had seen it on the lawn. "I have seen the figure of a nun on several occasions recently," she declared confidently, "and I have also observed a very old-fashioned coach on the lawn, drawn by brown horses. At first I was very afraid and much troubled in my mind, but when I said I must have been dreaming, but on two other occasions I am positive I could not have been mistaken."

"It was, generally, between half-past 7 and 10 o'clock at night, and the light was so clear that I caught a glimpse of the nun leaning over a gate near the rectory at short distance from where I was standing. A little later, when I went to my bedroom and looked out of the window, I distinctly saw a coach on the lawn driven by two headless men."

"Another time, when walking up the roadway to the rectory with a friend, I saw the figure of a nun in a kneeling posture on the slope leading to the church. My friend was so frightened that she fainted and had to be carried back to the rectory until she recovered."

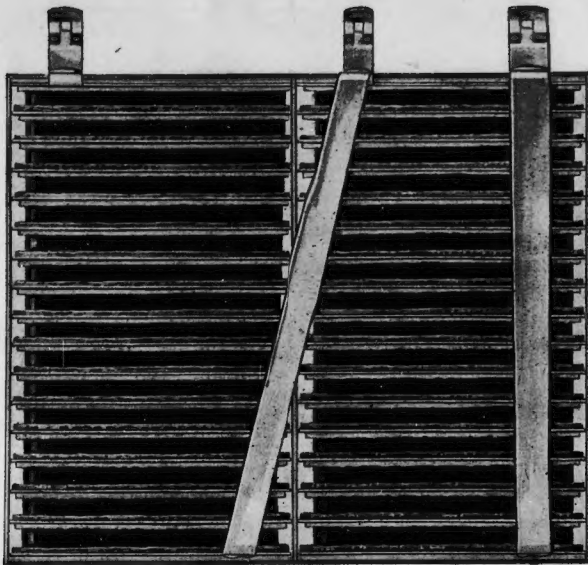
The man gardener at Borley declared that ever since he started working on the estate many years ago there had been talk of ghosts and that what was happening inside and outside the rectory today was akin to what had been going on in the grounds for centuries.

Many people, the gardener stated, had been so distressed on seeing visions and lights which they believed to be supernatural that they would not venture within miles of the rectory afterwards. A feeling of dread permeates the atmosphere of this Old World village, and courting couples, particularly, are frightened to pass the haunted spots at dusk.

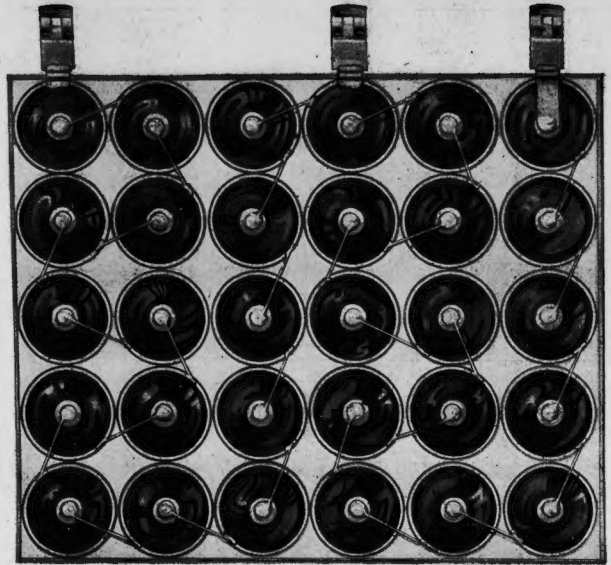
And this is not to be wondered at, because it is not difficult to imagine ghosts in the grounds which were the theatre of fierce battles and tragedies in the bygone centuries. There are in existence subterranean passages extending from Borley and the adjoining village as far as the sea. These passages are said to have been used by the invading armies for the concealment of treasures in medieval days. And at Tawehall Hall, a stately manor, not far from Borley, may be seen the remains of a castle, built with square stones, from which the guns were fired during the Cromwellian wars.

It would be difficult to imagine a more ghostly place than the interior of Borley Rectory. The very atmosphere is uncanny, and as one moves through passages and corridors one instinctively feels that he is back again in the dead ages of the world. The walls are reputed by a noise or a tapping far which there is no natural explanation. And as one travels from one room to another, the very flooring seems to echo with sinister sounds. Mysterious movements may also be heard coming from the upper part of the building, and there are no windows about, and at times the rustling of clothing as if someone were sitting along the outer passages.

This is the first summer which the new rectory, the Rev. G. E. Smith, has spent at Borley. Having seen the apparitions with his own eyes he caused the investigations to be carried out by experts. He is determined to learn the truth if possible about the mysteries of Borley.



EVEREADY LAYERBILT CONSTRUCTION—Diagram illustrating the simplicity of the Eveready Layerbilt construction. Only two broad metal bands and only five soldered connections. No waste spaces. It's all battery. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.



CYLINDRICAL CELL CONSTRUCTION—Diagram illustrating the construction of a cylindrical cell "B" battery. Two solderings per cell, or 60 in all, and 29 fine wires—89 chances for trouble. waste spaces between cells.

IT'S WHAT'S **INSIDE** YOUR "B" BATTERIES THAT DETERMINES WHAT YOU GET **OUT** OF THEM!

NOW you can know the truth about "B" batteries, for here you get the *inside facts*. We reveal them in the diagrams above.

There you see the two types of "B" batteries. Note how different they are. And remember that these insides are what you buy; they are what give you service; they determine whether or not you get your money's worth.

One type is the old style, in which the battery is an assembly of separate, individual cells. In such a battery the only way to connect the cells is by soldering fine wires to them. In a 45-volt battery that means 29 fine wires, and 60 solderings—89 places where trouble can occur. This is true whether the cells are cylindrical (which is usual) or square or hexagonal or any other shape. We make such batteries out of cylindrical cells, and we make them as perfectly as such batteries can be made.

But we also make a far better kind, one which we invented and patented, and perfected through years of laboratory work. This is the famous Eveready Layerbilt.

See the diagram of Eveready Layerbilt construction. Here are flat cells, so designed that they make connection with each other automatically. Only two broad connecting bands are needed, each $\frac{3}{8}$ inch wide. There are only five solderings, big and husky. That means utmost reliability.

Moreover, these flat cells pack together tightly inside the battery box, avoiding a lot of waste space. You get more active materials for your money in an Eveready Layerbilt, and so the battery is not only more reliable, but more economical and long-lasting.

Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries are patented. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.

This radically different and superior battery means greater service, more convenience and economy to "B" battery users. It is different not merely in construction, but in performance. That is why it is the most popular make of "B" battery there is. In millions of homes the country over no other kind of battery has been used since Eveready Layerbilt superiorities were discovered by actual use. Let your next "B" batteries be Eveready Layerbilts. Don't forget that Eveready Layerbilts are sold in such tremendous volume that they move quickly out of dealers' stocks, thus assuring your receiving fresh "B" batteries. Ask for Eveready Layerbilts by name.

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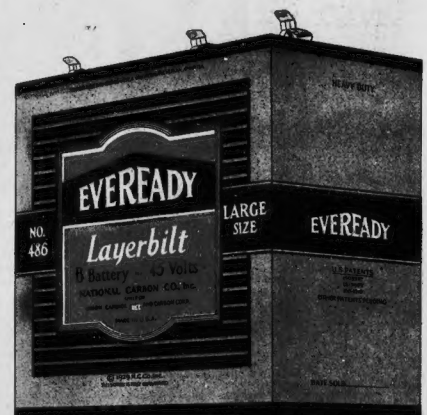


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are being used in automatic train control, aircraft beacon receivers, talking motion pictures, short wave transmission, picture transmission, television, for the protection of life and property by safeguarding the service with instant, unflinching, noiseless, perfect electrical power.



This is the original Large Size Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 for heavy duty—price, \$4.25, only 25 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell battery of the same size, No. 770. There is another Eveready Layerbilt in Medium Size, No. 485—price, \$2.95, only 20 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell "B" battery No. 772.

The New Taffeta Gowns

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the
Studios of the Most Distinguished
French Dress Creators, Drawn
by Soulie, Foremost Fashion
Artist of Paris



One of Louis Boulanger's Most Interesting Taffeta Models. The Bodice Is Fitted and Square Cut in the Neck. It Is Continued in a Slim, Short Skirt. While Over It Is a Full Skirt, Open in Front and Finished in the Back by Two Immense Puffs of the Taffeta, Which Are an Extension of the Crushed Belt, Fastened in Front With a Plaque of Diamonds. The Gown Is Very Long in the Back, and Is Worn With Black Gloves to the Elbow and Black and White Slippers.

PARIS, September 15.

THINKING of taffeta as a modern material, we are very apt to picture it in the form of a robe de style for young girls, such as has made the fame and fortune of the house of Lanvin. Many of the couturiers continue to make these gowns, for there is a constant demand for them, in such materials as taffeta, faille, and sometimes moire.

There is an example of an adapted robe de style from Redfern sketched on this page. It is done in heavy rich black taffeta, combined with rose. The skirt is full and long, and there is a sort of over skirt, full, and cut on a diagonal line, and bordered with a band of rose, which ends in a large bow on one hip. The bodice is close fitting, and the neckline is outlined with a scarf of the rose taffeta, knotted on one side with hanging ends.

Taffeta, however, is used in a number of other ways. It has appeared this season in both printed and plain form, for coats, for suits with short cardigan jackets, and for afternoon gowns, usually printed with small designs. The small patterns are always for evening gowns. This is because

a simple cut shows the design in its entirety, while draping breaks it up.

One of the models sketched on this page is an afternoon gown in printed taffeta. The design is printed on the warp, which gives a lovely soft, blurring look to the flower. The colors are pale old rose on black, and the model comes from Paulette, a new house. The bodice is fitted, and the skirt is in three tiers, while the V-neckline is outlined with an under band of old rose taffeta, finished in a bow in front, and the sleeves have strips of the rammed about them to make a rose cuff.

Chanel is making a new use of plain taffeta as linings for her jersey coats, so that they will slip on easily over a jersey blouse. The edge of the lining stops a few inches short of the edge of the coat, and is often worked in a design, cut into zigzag, or crisscrossed squares, and stitched with silk.

In the silk collections for next winter, taffeta is always featured. It comes in several different varieties, thin and supple, or heavy and sometimes ribbed almost like a faille. Many of the new fabrics are woven, this year, with a broche design in the goods, and taffeta is no exception. It is also decorated with motifs in silver or gold, while every collection shows charming examples of warp printing, in both floral and conventional designs.

Louise Boulanger always includes some models in taffeta, moire, and the stiff satins, in her collection. In fact her evening models are divided in two groups, those in thin supple materials, like printed or lame chiffons, and those in the stiffer silks, like taffeta. On this page is one of her loveliest models, a new example of her famous "pouf" gown. The material is in white taffeta, heavy and rich, and the bodice is very plain, square necked in her new manner, and close fitting. It is extended into

A Redfern Gown of Black Taffeta of the Richest and Heaviest Quality. The Skirt Is Very Full and Looks Still Fuller on Account of the Thick Ruffle, Cut on a Diagonal Line, Which Runs Up One Side and Is Bordered With Rose Pink. At the Point Where the Pink-Bordered Ruffle, or Overskirt, Joins the Fitted Bodice, There Is a Large Soft Bow of the Taffeta, With Long Ends That Form a Short Train at One Side. The Neckline Is Encircled With the Same Pink Taffeta, Tied in a Knot at One Side.

a simple sheath skirt, quite short in front, and over it is draped a full skirt, open up the front.

A crushed girdle, fastened in front with a square plaque of diamonds, is extended in the back into two large puffs of the taffeta one on each side of the back. This gown is worn on the stage by Mademoiselle Danielle Beggs, who adds elbow length gloves of black suede, and slippers in black and white.

The fashion of wearing gloves in the evening is a growing one, and several of the smartest women in Paris have worn them this summer. I saw Madame Porel, looking very pretty in white satin from Patou, at the Moulin Rouge the other night. She wore suede gloves of white up to her elbow, with a diamond bracelet on each wrist, and white satin sandals on her feet, buttoned with diamond buttons.

The fourth model sketched on this page comes from Drecoll-Beer. It is in heavy rich taffeta in golden yellow like a buttercup. The top of the gown is a sheath, very close fitting, and marking the slowness of the natural waistline. A diagonal ruffle, cut circular, is set in below the knee, running up on one side to a bow with loops but no ends, which is placed rather towards the back. The bodice is cut in a deep V both back and front. This gown was worn with a black velvet coat, trimmed with yellow fox, and slippers of yellow to match the gown.

Long gloves in the evening have been a mere eccentricity of certain women since the war, but they are being worn to a more considerable extent this season, usually in very pale beige or off-white shades. Several women are



This Drecoll-Beer Model in Golden Yellow Taffeta Has a Slim and Closely Fitted Bodice. It Is Draped in a Deep V Back and Front. The Skirt Is a Deep House of the Taffeta, Cut Circular, and Running Up on One Side. The Skirt Is Rather Longer in the Back Than in the Front. While on the Same Side as the Bow It Lifts in a Graceful Lane.



Afternoon Gown of Taffeta by Paulette. The Flower Design Is in Soft Old Rose, Pale in Tone, on a Black Ground. Inside the Deep V of the Decollete Is a Band of Old Rose Taffeta, With a Bow in Front, and the Ends of the Sleeves Are Tied With a Taffeta Strip Forming a Cuff. The Skirt Is in Three Tiers, Which Flare on Account of Their Circular Cut and the Stiffness of the Material.

never was in the evening without them. It is quite possible that this is a coming revival, for it certainly adds a note of elegance to evening dress, in line with the luxury and elaboration of the whole evening mode. Long evening gloves are being worn on the stage by Danielle Beggs, of the Theatre Pantomime, who is beautifully dressed by Louis Boulanger in a flowered chiffon gown, in ochre yellow, printed with a design in old blue and gray, with which she wears suede gloves from Alexandrine, in the same ochre color as the gown. A bit of the same suede is placed at the natural waistline. Another of her gowns she wears with long black suede gloves to the elbow, also from Alexandrine, and black suede slippers with white strappings.

There is nothing much that is new to say about collars, which are still undecided as to whether they will be short or long. It is interesting to see how hair-dressing varies according to the type of audiences at the theatre. The house at the premiere of the Italian opera was filled with hard-core Italian women. Almost all of them wore their hair long, and many had returned to (or perhaps never abandoned) the pre-war fashion of hair drawn back from the head, toward the back.

Surprising New Facts About Snakes Learn

Curator Grace Olive Wiley, of the Minneapolis Natural History Museum, With the Loveable Four-and-a-Half-Foot

His Back Stroked Like a Cat; Four-Foot Put in a Paper Bag Before He Could S Their 11 Cute Little Diamond-Back Better Understanding Of and More



"Huckleberry Finn" Enjoying Having His Head Scratched by a Girl Friend.



Miss Wiley Drying "Ethel," the Diamond-Backed Rattler, After She Has Given Her a Bath in the Basin—And "Ethel" Seems to Enjoy Being Rubbed Down.

By Grace Olive Wiley.

Curator of the Minneapolis Natural History Museum. © 1925 by American Weekly, Inc. (First British Rights Reserved.)

In the Natural History Museum at the Public Library in Minneapolis a large collection of small live creatures are kept—creatures that are little known by the public in general and greatly feared by many because of the lack of authentic information.

They are snakes.

This fascinating group of the animate creation has been emphasized by the museum because we know that when you come to know snakes as they really are you will be sure to enjoy Nature in all its fullness when you go on picnics, hikes and other outings. That this knowledge will open up a new world to you, make you happier, wiser and kinder we are sure.

Any day that our live animal room is visited an eager, interested group of youngsters can be seen standing around or sitting in a row on a long seat, holding our harmless snakes. If you are unfamiliar with reptiles you wonder if you are awake and feel a cold chill running up your spine. If you appear too timid you will be assured that you haven't a thing to fear here, and that no visitor is ever frightened by any of the pets—no child will come near you while he is holding a snake.

A boy comes rushing up—he is a little late. Unhesitatingly he approaches two other boys who are holding a big, black, shining six-foot serpent.

"Hello, Blackie!" is his greeting as he gently pats it. "Blackie" puts out a friendly tongue in a knowing way and slides over to the boy's coat sleeve. There is no rough handling, and it is easy to see that to the children, who have no prejudices, they are just like any other pets.

Gaining confidence, you reach over and touch your first snake. What a surprise! It is not the cold, damp and slimy thing you thought it was, but dry and clean and warm. You begin to realize that snakes are not at all what you have considered them.

And not only are we busy at the museum trying to eradicate the ancient misconceptions and superstitions about these friendly creatures, but the writer goes out to visit schools, colleges and universities with a bag full of real, live snakes. Snakes for luncheons, snakes for dinners, snakes for benefits, big snakes, little snakes, stout snakes, slim snakes, spotted, striped and plain—all beautiful, charming, friendly, patient fellows, and just like other animals, really and truly.

Ah, but these are not poisonous snakes, you will say. Sometimes, indeed, they are. In fact—rattlesnakes.

The rattlesnake, once you get to know him, is a loveable creature. Extensive experiments have been carried on with them at the museum, and some very surprising facts about their character, emotional reactions, domestic habits and tractability have been learned. How really surprising some of these are you will see as you read on.

The writer has had considerable experience in collecting poisonous snakes, and as curator of the museum has had the rare opportunity to observe and to know very intimately three of the four varieties of dangerously poisonous snakes of the United States. There is nothing mean about any of them, and they are just as trustworthy as



"Stanley" and "Ethel," Two of the Texas Rattlesnake Pets of Mrs. Wiley, With Their Young Ones in the Bag in Which Their Mothers Carried Them Around to Show Them to Friends and Interested Students.



"Flubdub," a Colored or Bleached Rattlesnake, a Deadly Poisonous Variety, Which After a Week's Captivity Would Crawl Out of Her Cage and Caress the Hands and Arms of Her Keeper.

any other animal. Extensive experiments have been carried on with the rattlesnakes and some very unexpected facts been learned.

Our first live specimens at the museum were Texas rattlesnakes, commonly known as the Western Diamond-Back. There are about fifteen different species of rattlesnakes in the United States, of which the above mentioned is one of the most nervous and excitable of all. There were thirteen snakes in this shipment, and some of them were certainly large fellows. They were very much frightened at first and rattled incessantly. They would often coil and strike against the glass cage when anyone went too near. Care was taken that visitors did not tease or annoy them, and they soon settled down and became resigned to their new home, rattling only occasionally.

All of these snakes became pets in a few months. As time passed they grew much tamer, and at the end of a year any of them could be picked up and held on the writer's arm in a coiled position.

Three of these snakes were outstanding ones—namely, "Huckleberry Finn," "Stanley" and "Ethel."

"Huckleberry" was the largest, measuring four and a half feet in length, eight and one-quarter inches in circumference at the largest part, and weighing six pounds. "Stanley" was fully four feet in length, seven and three-quarter inches in girth, with four pounds avoirdupois to his credit. "Ethel" was nearly four feet long, with a weight of three and a half pounds.

These snakes varied greatly in their temperaments, reacting in an entirely different manner to the same method of treatment. All rattlesnakes observed by the writer liked to be stroked and petted, many individuals showing their fondness for this attention by arching their backs like cats.

My rattlers would in a very short time permit me to open their mouths and show their fangs to visitors, as well as to remove the old loose fangs that were ready to be shed. They did not resent this treatment in the least, as they were handled so gently and carefully and never hurt.

Neither were these snakes in any way "treated" to render their bite harmless. They were at all times able to inflict a deadly bite had they chosen to do so. Being a great lover of animals, I had a great desire to know how these dangerous fellows would react to kind treatment as compared with other animals. Whenever they were frightened and drew back in fear an attempt was made to assure them that they would not be harmed. The method attempted was the same as would have been tried with some other creature—a cat, a dog or a bird. Naturally, they were just patted very, very gently with the hand.

To my great surprise and pleasure it affected them exactly as it would have affected these other creatures. Time after time the same method was tried with the same result. Little by little, a step at a time, I ventured. They seemed to understand and to gain confidence in me.

Needless to say, I grew very fond of these pets as time went on. Soon it became instinctive to know what to do under any circumstances. Occasionally one of the snakes would become quite frightened and would rattle violently. Then no attempt was made to touch or go too near the snake. A gentle horse will kick if a hand is suddenly placed on him when he is unaware of the presence of the owner; a dog will bite when he is asleep if suddenly startled, and a cat will scratch its best friend if sufficiently frightened. People also are likely to become panicky and do rash things under the same conditions, so wild creatures may be expected to do likewise.

After nearly two years of captivity "Ethel" and "Stanley" were so happy and contented that they naturally wanted a little family. So they mated, and five and a half months later they presented us with eleven baby snakes—the very first rattlers that were ever bred in captivity. Eight of these lived to be almost eight months old, when they met a tragic death through an accident.

Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the New York Zoological Park, said that it was possible that we were the first to breed rattlers in captivity. When I arrived at the museum the morning of their birth they were still enclosed in their pre-natal membranes. They were liberated, and one was found to be very weak. It died a few minutes later. Knowing that care should be taken in handling these poisonous little snakes, a heavy gauntlet glove had been provided for the occasion. One at a time the young were removed to a small screened cage. During the transfer one baby snake became frightened at the flapping cuff of the glove when another little rattler was placed nearby. It vibrated its tail

and struck at the glove. It was not surprising, but pleasing to note that the little fellow was so healthy and normal.

"Ethel" was very quiet, and paid little attention to what was going on around her. She was removed to a small cage in the office, where she would not be disturbed or annoyed. For two or three days she appeared quite ill, lying with her head and neck stretched out flat to the floor. She did not put out her tongue except when being cared for, and then only very slowly.

The young rattlers were fed on small bits of raw beef and liver until they were three weeks old, as no small mice were available. Three had to be forcibly fed for a most three months, when they began to feed naturally.

One of the sturdiest of the litter, named "Premier," killed and ate a tiny mouse on June 26. Several of the others were very excited and excitedly demonstrated the demonstration. They grew very fast and had such enormous appetites that we could hardly satisfy them. When they were seven months old any of these little snakes would eat two full-grown mice at a meal.

All these little reptiles were very tame, and all eight could be held in my hands at the same time, and all would take food from my fingers. Their tragic death was a great loss. Their cage was placed on a radiator and without my knowledge. Another well-meaning person covered the cage with a smock. They were forgotten. When they were discovered all were dead.

"Isabel," who was recognized by her black tail, was the first to shed her skin.

HOW A SNAKE SHEL



The Skin Over the Top of "Huck's"



"Huckleberry's" Skin Is Almost Half Caterpillar-Like Motion, Held Perfectly Still, and Then



"Huckleberry," a Little Weak and Accepts Nourishment from a Snake



"Huckleberry," a Little Weak and Accepts Nourishment from a Snake

led by Making Pets of Rattlers

um, Describes Her Experiments
Huckleberry Finn," Who Liked
"Stanley," Who Had to Be
leep; "Ethel," His Mate, and
Babies—And Pleads for a
Sympathy With Serpents

All her experiments, which she describes so interestingly on this the big rattlers were never deprived of their fangs nor their venom. were able at any moment to strike and send their poison through her if they had wanted to. Curator Wiley's experiences with "Huckleberry Finn," "Stanley," "Ethel," the big poisonous Texas diamond-backs, science has learned new and surprising things about snakes, and she has pointed the way further study of the reptilian world.

When she was a month old. The new rattle was soft and damp, so "Isabel" could not make a noise with it until the following day, when she rattled most of the time in her excitement.

All baby rattlesnakes have a "button" at birth, but it is not until the skin is shed and they get another rattle that they are able to make a sound with this appendage. When they were six months old all the baby rattlers had two rattles and a button except "Isabel," who possessed three, as she had shed three times.

OS ITS SKIN.

"Huckleberry Finn" Begins to Shed His Skin. He Is Trying to Push It Off His Head by a Series of Prodigious Yawns.

It was quite evident that both the young and adult snakes recognized their keeper as an individual. Often when the hand was thrust suddenly into the cage they were startled and drew back in fear. But, moved by curiosity, they came immediately to investigate when the hand was held still with only the fingers moving. They would approach very timidly until within an inch or two of the member. Then, evidently by a sense of smell, they would recognize it as belonging to their keeper and quickly began bobbing their heads with queer little jerky movements and scooting them over my hand in a caressing way.

"Stanley" was very fond of the babies, and always caressed them in the above described manner whenever they were placed in his cage. Both of the parent snakes died of the same disease but a few months apart. They were partially paralyzed for some time before death ensued. Although they suffered when they were moved or lifted, never once did they offer to bite. Such patience and goodness is rarely found in human beings.

Head Has Now Been Pushed Loose.

At Off. He Works His Ribs in a Way the Rest of the Body "Ungloving" Himself.

They were partially paralyzed for some time before death ensued. Although they suffered when they were moved or lifted, never once did they offer to bite. Such patience and goodness is rarely found in human beings.

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"Stanley" and "Huckleberry" differed greatly in temperaments. Both could be carried around in my arms, bathed, turned upside down or held in any position with equally good natured submission. Both liked the drying and rubbing after the stay in the wash basin.

"Stanley" was fond of hiding away in an ordinary paper bag to rest. He liked this retreat so much that he was dissatisfied when the sack was removed, and would crawl around searching for it. The moment the door of the cage was opened he would hurry forward to see if the bag was forthcoming.

It usually was. Holding the sack on its side, with the opening toward him, it was very amusing to see how quickly he would climb into it and coil up. If the bag was turned completely over he didn't mind in the least. He also liked to sleep in a basket or small box—just the same cozy place that a cat might select for a nap.

"Huckleberry Finn" was perhaps the most remarkable poisonous snake in the world. He loved to be petted, and would arch his back like a cat when he was stroked. He was so tame that anyone could pet him, and yet for two years he refused to hump his back for any hand other than that of his keeper.

"Stanley," like a cat, was fond of having his head and throat scratched. But he would never hump his back like "Huckleberry Finn." When he was in his bag it could be closed, turned over or held in any position and he would remain therein quietly resting, although not always in a comfortable position. When he was in his bag no precautions had to be taken to ascertain whether he was frightened. The bag could be lifted and the hand thrust in to pat him on his coils. Often I have felt around in the bag for his head to perform that pleasing caress of scratching his throat without even looking. He knew me, absolutely.

Or, placing the bag with its contents on my arm, my hand could be slid into the sack to support the snake; then the bag could be removed, leaving the pet coiled on my arm. He always remained coiled up and rested perfectly contented thus.

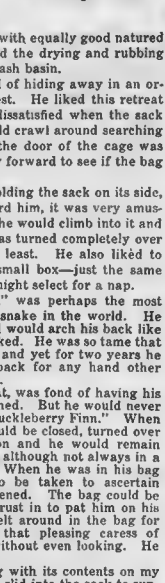
"Huckleberry" was able to recognize his traveling bag any time or any place. It was his favorite resting place. "Huck" could be placed on my desk or on a chair, where he would remain perfectly contented for long intervals. When he became tired of one position he would uncoil and then coil up in the opposite way.

I could do anything with "Huck"—carrying him around in my arms, placing him on my desk or on my chair, and there he would stay for long intervals. To hold him in my lap for an entire evening in my room while sewing and letting the garment dangle on him as it was being mended was perfectly agreeable, for he was like a contented old cat.

During the last six months of his captivity he could be taken out of doors and turned loose on the lawn for a sun bath. This he enjoyed, but, being timid and afraid when placed in new surroundings, he would come to me as I sat on the ground nearby and coil up close beside me. Occasionally he would crawl into my coat and lie with just his head and neck sticking out. The traveling bag in which he was always transported he recognized without a doubt. One day he was taking an airing on the lawn as usual. He was perhaps blind, prior to the shedding of his skin. And yet he was able to locate the bag at a distance of about ten feet. Slowly he crawled toward it, lifting his head and the back of his body and moving them from side to side as he paused to get his bearings. When the bag was reached he crawled over the side of it and coiled up.

The timing of "Huck" shedding his skin is ample proof of his menaces. A motion picture of reptiles was in the process of making, and I was spending the day at the studio. "Huck" had been taken along, as he was expected to shed soon. We hoped it might happen then, but it

"Huckleberry Finn," Which Miss Wiley Calls "The Tamest Poisonous Snake in the World," Obligingly Crawling Up on the Scales to Have His Weight Taken.



Curator Wiley Holding the Paper Bag for "Stanley" While He Crawls In to Take His Afternoon Nap.

didn't. Knowing my disappointment, the president of the company told me when I left that he would be glad to photograph "Huck" any time he began to molt. I explained that it was quite likely to occur during the night.

"That's all right," said the obliging gentleman. "I live over the studio, and it will not inconvenience me in the least."

When the time came to go to bed there were no symptoms of shedding. "Huck" was sleeping peacefully in the traveling bag. Small pieces of paper were crumpled and scattered about him to give notice if he moved about.

The open bag was placed on a chair beside the writer's bed and her pillow laid against the bag, so that the least movement of the big fellow might be heard!

Thus I slept, with "one eye and one ear open." At 6:20 in the morning the paper rustled and a peep revealed the snake pushing his nose hard against the bag to loosen the skin. A moment's observation convinced me that he was in earnest, so, hurrying to the telephone, a taxicab was called and also the studio. In fifteen minutes we were on the way. When we had gone about a mile the bag was opened and old "Huck" was seen neatly coiled up, doing absolutely nothing. The taxi driver never knew what all the haste was about, or what was in the bag, else this might never have been written.

When I arrived at the studio it was all lighted up and the photographer waiting for us. "Huck" was placed on a table between two brilliant Klieg lights. The big fellow, without a moment's hesitation or fear, went right on shedding.

It took a little more than an hour, including the time he stopped to rest. Occasionally he yawned, stretching his mouth to its limit, it seemed. The photographer was very much disappointed when he failed to get the first yawn, as he was not ready for this unexpected pro-

cedure. I assured him that it would happen again soon, so he focused for a close-up. Sure enough, only a moment later the obliging old fellow yawned right into the camera.

"Oh, Huck, you're a star!" exclaimed the delighted photographer.

It can easily be imagined what a thrilling event this was, and how very proud I was of my wonderful pet.

I was invited to spend the week-end at the home of an intimate friend, who lived in the country. This friend, who was an ardent nature lover, told me to bring "Huckleberry" along. I was happy to do this and give the snake a chance to get some sunshine, too.

In the evening, as we sat in the comfortable living room, the rattlesnake was taken out of his bag and held in my lap. He was not timid at being in new surroundings so long as he was safe with me. A cunning, playful kitten that was romping about on the floor jumped upon the arm of my chair. Knowing old "Huck" so well, I felt safe in trying the experiment, so taking up the kitten, I gently placed her on top of the snake, who was resting so comfortably. The cat showed no signs of fear whatsoever and the snake was undisturbed. I patted both of them gently.

Evidently the kitty was ready for her nap, for she curled herself up directly on top of old "Huck" and went sound asleep. For fully an hour she rested thus, at the end of which time she awoke, stretched, yawned and then jumped down as unconcerned as if she had always been accustomed to having a rattlesnake for a cushion.

One day the experiment was tried of wrapping "Huck" up in a newspaper. He was very unconcerned, and took it as a matter of course. My experience with these reptiles has convinced me that the confidence of an animal must be won before it will act naturally in captivity.

Queerest Children's Craze That Ever Alarmed Mothers

Boys and Girls All Over the Country Perching High in the Air on Top of Poles and Roofs, in Swings and Trees, Imitating Their Hero, "Shipwreck" Kelly, in Defiance of Parents and City Officials Alike



Dr. Samuel Glick Examining the Heart of 10-Year-Old Ruth McCradden to Determine the Effects of Her Long Vigil on Her Airy Perch.

WHEN "Shipwreck" Kelly, some two years ago sat for twelve days on top of a flagpole it appeared to the country as the most magnificently useless act that had been committed by a human being since St. Simon Stylites made himself a saint by living on top of a pillar for 30 years.

Mr. Kelly became famous and wealthy, but he will never be sainted, at least if the worried mothers whose children have followed "Shipwreck's" example are consulted. This Summer there has been an epidemic of boy and girl flagpole-sitters all over the country and a flagpole case in the family is worse than measles because the patient has to be refused and served with books, blankets, lights and all sorts of things, even baths, by ladder, day and night and in all sorts of weather.

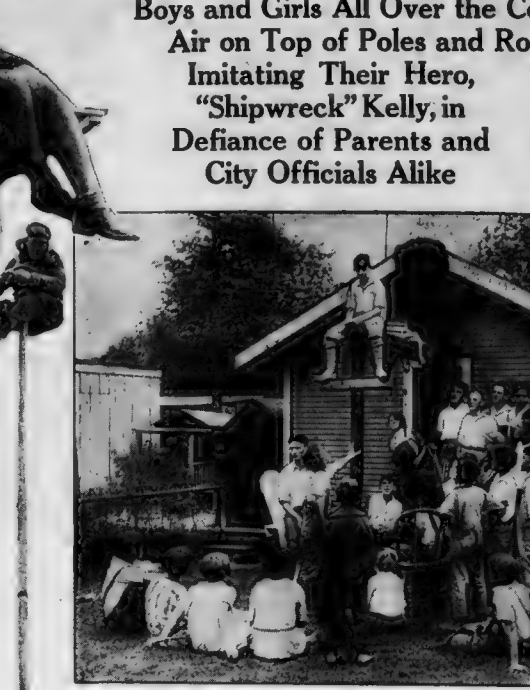
"Shipwreck" Kelly proved himself a genius by exciting feminine as well as masculine interest in his follies. When it was learned that he had started that ascension the second day of his honeymoon, the gaudier sex began coming from long distances to look at Mrs. Kelly and wondered why a bridegroom should act that way. Kelly at once started on a prosperous career of flagpole sitting, but the worst results were not apparent until this Summer.

The flagpole disease broke out in its most violent form in Baltimore, Md., following a visit to the amusement park of the eminent Mr. Kelly himself. The pioneer percher climbed a 40-foot pole to a cradle on top thereof, and announced that he would stay there indefinitely. Thousands of people flocked to encourage him. The amusement park reaped a harvest, a healthy percentage of which went to Kelly.

At the end of two weeks the offers were bulging, but Kelly remained aloft. Only at the expiration of 23 days, when most everybody had seen the aerial wonder, did the flow of gold diminish. And then Kelly came down, folded his tent and departed for new fields.

The Baltimore grown-ups promptly forgot the aerial senator, but the children didn't. Here was a hero, in the public eye, a foolish sort of one, but then foolishness never held against a hero. The boys would rather have made an endurance record in an aeroplane, but planes are top beyond the reach of the average child, while a pole, with a roost on top, costs almost nothing.

These facts incited in the fifteen-year-old brain of Avon W. Foreman, first to take, and then the first symptoms of the disease broke out.



Donald Wood, 11, Who Had Sat Here for Six Days With a Large Audience Before the St. Louis Police Descended on Thirty-five Boy and Girl Contestants and Summarily Ordered Them from their Dizzy Heights.

Here is "Shipwreck" Kelly Establishing His Original Twelve-Day Record in Newark, N. J. Encouraged by His Bride of a Few Days.

Later He Made a Three-Week Record in Baltimore. Much to the Disgust of Many Parents.

With the help of other boys and his unsuspecting father, Avon created in the back yard of their Baltimore home a 15-foot pole with a nice spacious platform on top. The parents had no idea what was coming, even when the boy began bringing up blankets, a hamper with food, water, and various utensils for light housekeeping.

The bad news was broken to them when he declined his mother's request to come down and wash his face and hands for supper. Avon then announced that he was going to stay up like the hero Kelly, indefinitely, and become world's champion fifteen-year-old sitter. Mr. Foreman then came out and ordered his son to come

straight down. But the son refused, explaining that he had everything necessary to health and comfort, including a rubber blanket, in case of rain. In past generations, a gesture with a hair brush in the direction of the woodshed would have brought a boy to terms, but the Foremans have grown indignant. They heard their son's persistence and strength of character insulted, and the prophecy that he would not stay up even one night.

At this point the parents made the mistake of losing their temper. Mr. Foreman stepped forth and publicly gave Avon permission to roost as long as he wished. For that rash promise they had to wait on their son for 10 days 10 hours 10 minutes and 10 seconds before he finally consented to descend.

The return to earth was a triumphant ceremony, in the presence of 4,000 applauding spectators and so soul-satisfying to Avon that it turned other boys green with envy. Mayor Bruening gave him a letter to the effect that his accomplishment, manifested "the old pioneer spirit." He was publicly acclaimed world's champion fifteen-year-old flagpole sitter, and wore a crown bearing the glorious word "CHAMP."

Avon shouted down that he would remain like Kelly indefinitely if his father didn't come after him with a ladder. "Aw, that's a good excuse," taunted a youngster from the ground. "Before midnight you'll be sending an S O S for papa."

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The official recognition was too much for other youngsters who had secretly aspired to similar honors. Immediately the epidemic of flagpole sitting spread throughout the city and State. An scheme that would so successfully exhibit a person day and night to the public gaze was something bound to interest the girls, and, of course, young lady sitters began to crowd in. Within a few days there were eighteen boys and girls out to beat Avon's record, and next week there were eight more in Baltimore alone.

Many of these weakened and came down early in the game, and then something happened that brought a chorus of "I told you so," and attention of a more serious sort from the municipal authorities. One of the boys had fallen, pole, perch and all. He was William Wall, twelve years old, one of the first to set out to better Avon's record. Soon after he had mounted the pole, a heavy rainfall began and loosened the earth about the pole, and William suddenly was pitched over. His leg was broken and his heart pretty nearly so, for he had counted on taking away Avon's crown.

This was work for the building inspector's office. That careful official looked up the law. He looked up several laws, but no one was concerned in it except in that there was a law against "illicit perches" and that it was illegal to permit further flagpole sitting unless the ambitious contender would ante up a dollar for a permit. Thereafter the contenders were taxed accordingly. Then a city ordinance was passed which called for the official issuance of a permit, price one dollar, for the erection of a flagpole within the city limits, a part of this ordinance provided, moreover, that such poles must be inspected by an official representative of the inspector's office, to insure its safety.

Mr. Walter Hammond, the building inspector, promptly issued this new law. Then he sat back and smiled, imagining that this would slow up the epidemic of flagpole sitting. His surprise next morning was all the more acute when he saw his office swamped with applications for such permits, and a raft of demands that inspectors be assigned to inspect

flagpoles then in course of erection. One of the most determined of the sitters was Ruth McCradden, ten years old. A competitor was Dorothy Staylor, 13. Dorothy won and now is queen of the flagpole sitters. Another girl contestant was Frances Phillips, 14. And while they were sitting out the long, lonesome hours, the epidemic broke out in Cumberland, Maryland.

Chief of Police Keene, of that city, frowned darkly on the outbreak. And without hesitation the chief announced that no permits would be issued, and that anybody attempting a flagpole sitting record, other than a professional juvenile, would immediately be lodged in the city's Battle.

Meanwhile Avon Foreman, in Baltimore, had been forced to surrender his championship crown. The new champion is Willie Wentworth, 12 years old, who ascended a comfortably furnished pole in his backyard, and remained aloft nearly a month, thereby shattering the record of even the intrepid Kelly. He was handed his crown before a crowd of five thousand spectators.

A number of mid-Western cities have caught the contagion. Flagpole sitters from 10 to 20 years of age are bobbing up everywhere. "Shipwreck" Kelly's prestige is being smothered under the scores of contents by non-professional juveniles.

In St. Louis, Mo., it required a general order of Police Chief of Police Gerk, an official ruling of City Health Commissioner Starkloff and the help of Dr. L. C. Obrock, deputy state commissioner of health for St. Louis County, was needed in the campaign against the juvenile "Shipwreck Kelly."

As a result of the official man-gates of the city and county authorities, some thirty boys and girls who had been giving monkey fashion on various perches in their backyards are now down to earth.

The St. Louis "endurance sitting" craze reserved its last victim for Paul Kuxer, 14, who is now basking on a Florida beach as a reward for his efforts. Paul climbed atop the eleven foot high crossbar of his playground swing in his backyard August 14. Paul took with him one of his mother's sofa pillows to make his iron mount plied all day while the children of the neighborhood gathered to gaze and to encourage him. Paul's



Mrs. Allee Staylor, of Baltimore, Serves Her Flag Pole Sitting Daughter Dorothy with Liquid Refreshment.

Willie Wentworth, 12, Who Established a Juvenile Record in Baltimore by Remaining Aloft Nearly a Month, Even Surpassed the Record of "Shipwreck" Kelly Himself.

The Boy Who Scaled All the Trouble, Avon W. Foreman, First to Be Crowned "Champ" in Baltimore for Staying Aloft 101 Days and 10 Hours.

who had been giving monkey fashion on various perches in their backyards are now down to earth. The St. Louis "endurance sitting" craze reserved its last victim for Paul Kuxer, 14, who is now basking on a Florida beach as a reward for his efforts. Paul climbed atop the eleven foot high crossbar of his playground swing in his backyard August 14. Paul took with him one of his mother's sofa pillows to make his iron mount plied all day while the children of the neighborhood gathered to gaze and to encourage him. Paul's

parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Kuxer, angrily ordered their son to come down, but love of glory was stronger than parental discipline. Finally, a neighbor of the Webster Groves youth, W. Courtney Moffet, promised him a trip to Florida if he stuck to his perch for twenty-four hours. Sleepy-eyed but triumphant, Paul descended the next morning and prepared for his Florida trip.

Donald Wood had a radio installed in his back yard to entertain the youngsters who gathered to watch him. The St. Louis record holder is Earnest Stohman, of Webster Groves. Earnest stayed up on a pole in his backyard for 201 hours. Jerome Reeder, 12, of St. Louis, varied the nature of the perches used by climbing a tree. Robert Dunn, 10, of St. Louis also chose the abode of primitive man for his sitting efforts.

Nine-year-old Roselle Taylor, of University City, injected a suffragette tinge to the affair when she remained aloft more than a hundred hours on her swing pole in the backyard. Mildred Scholtes, 13, also set atop a pole in her backyard for more than a hundred hours before police put a stop to the endurance sitting.

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Passion Island by Juanita Savage

The Story of a Coquette Who Was Tamed at Last

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL JOAN ALLISON, step-daughter of Mr. Anthony and Lady Trengrove, has a reputation as a vivacious and charming young woman. Her career is brought to a crisis when Peter Merrifield, a coquette, decides for love of her, and his wife publicly denounces her as a temptress and a villainess. Joan is driven to the South Sea Islands for a vacation.

When the Vanderings, Yacht Friar, reaches the South Sea, Joan is ready to surrender to love. But when she meets Hilary again, she mocks her about the happenings in San Francisco and she determines to make him fall in love with her and then humiliate him as he has humiliated her.

Sterling kidnaps her in a motorboat and starts for Paganon Island, vowing to teach her the meaning of love and to make her his wife. He was his best friend and he intends to marry her. When they land on Paganon Island, she is afraid to leave Hilary because she will win her love and then lose it.

CHAPTER XXII.

Rescue.



Sterling's man, who Joan subsequently discovered to be Ugi, the "butter" who had waited at table at Ulava.

STERLING thrust his pistol into Doyle's face, and Joan saw his lips moving, but could not hear what he said for the clamor of the storm. Doyle showed his teeth, but ceased to struggle, raising his hands in a gesture of submission. He allowed himself to be bound hand and foot by the man who had waited at table at Ulava. He seemed to be shouting, however, even as he submitted, but the thunder and the terrible downpour drowned his cries.

Joan, with one hand clutching the back of a chair for support, and the other pressed convulsively to her heaving bosom, looked on with dilated eyes. She could hardly believe she was not the victim of some hallucination, for it seemed incredible that Hilary and Ugi could have penetrated the defenses of Doyle's fortress and entered the but unopened by any of the guards, and arrived, moreover, at such an opportune moment. Incredible, yet she knew the two men, both streaming wet, were real and not figments of her imagination.

It was the work of but a few moments for Ugi to trust Doyle up, and then he and his master picked up their enemy and dumped him into one of the bunks. There came a sudden lull in the tempest as they did so, and Doyle made himself heard for a few moments.

"Take your mistress. Damaged goods now. Mine for two days. She's

nothing better than a . . ." he was raving, when Hilary clapped his hand over his mouth and snapped out an order to Ugi, who tore off a strip of blanket and gagged the man.

The storm broke out again with redoubled violence just as Hilary turned to look at Joan, his face white and grim, his eyes glittering steely.

"Get some clothes on quickly," he shouted at her. "They won't be much use to you in this storm, but they will cover you. Look sharp."

Joan looked about her rather helplessly, caught sight of her jacket lying where she had dropped it when Doyle ordered her to take it off, snatched it up, and realized as she donned it that her silk shirt was torn open at the front. And in spite of the strangeness of her position and her agitation she found herself resenting Hilary's remark.

"Take this," continued Hilary, picking up Doyle's pistol and thrusting it into her hand, "but don't use it unless we are attacked. Hang on to my arm, for you won't be able to see me in the darkness. We've got to make a dash for the gate of the stockade, and then across the open jungle. Understand? Ready?"

Joan nodded dumbly, trying to suppress her agitation and nerve herself for the effort, and Hilary turned to say something to the native tongue to Ugi, who was fingering a wicked-looking long knife, stained with blood, and rolling his eyes at the helpless Doyle.

Ugi darted at once to the door, peered out into the darkness, and then he said to Hilary, "Now for it!" cried Hilary into Joan's ear, and grabbed her by the arm and rushed her to the door and out into the deluge.

As they dashed towards the gate of the stockade there came a dazzling flash of lightning, and at the same in-

stant a black figure sprang at Ugi, who was ahead. Joan saw the flash of the knife in the lightning gleam. That was all. At the gate she stumbled over something which another flash of lightning showed her to be the body of a native. It was only when the lightning flashed that she could see anything at all. Hilary was still gripping her wrist and dragging her along at a great rate through the blackness. The heavens seemed still to be emptying themselves, and Joan had been soaked to the skin within a couple of minutes of leaving the hut, and rain was streaming down her neck from her unprotected head.

The whole world seemed to be in a tumult, and she felt scared and bewildered, still felt as if she were living in a sort of nightmare dream as she blundered along, fearing that at any minute she might collapse. There came into her mind remembrance of the fact that Hilary had had to fight a storm to bring her to Ulava, that it was a storm which had cast her into Doyle's power. Now it was presumably the storm which had enabled Hilary and his servant to rescue her. In truth her life had become a stormy one, thought Joan dazedly, as she staggered on through the rain.

Another dazzling flash of lightning showed her they had reached the edge of the jungle, and she was painfully aware of the fact when a minute later she blundered into a cactus bush. She clutched instinctively at Hilary to save herself from falling, and heard him about something to her, but could not distinguish the words.

They were among the trees now, and had to wait for each lightning flash to show the way, then proceed forward like blind people on strange ground. The rain was still lashing down pitilessly, and the air was full of flying leaves and branches. Presently there came another lull in the tempest, just when they seemed to have become entangled in a very maze of tree trunks and branches, which another lightning flash revealed to be a banyan tree, the branches of which grew down to the ground and take root.

"We'll shelter here until the storm dies down," Hilary shouted in Joan's ear.

"Shelter" was scarcely the word. The overhanging branches and the parent trunk of the banyan tree certainly afforded a little protection from the fury of the storm, but cascades of water poured down upon the heads of Joan and her rescuer. Joan's senses were reeling, her breath was coming and going in sobbing gasps, and her legs were sagging beneath her. She tried to support herself against the tree trunk, but did helplessly to the ground, which was a quagmire.

She laughed against Sterling as he collapsed, and he bent down and raised her to her feet again. Joan could hear his voice, but again she could not understand what he was saying, and it was so dark that she could not even distinguish his face although it was within a few inches of her own. Hilary was helpless to do anything to revive her, save to support her in his arms, and he cursed his own helplessness. Joan fancied she was dying, and she did not much care. Even to make an effort to live did not seem worth while. The faintness began to pass away after a time, she began to breathe more normally, and put up her hand to wipe her streaming face—to find she was still convulsively clutching Doyle's revolver.

"End it! End it now!" someone—something—seemed to whisper in her ear, and she put the end of the barrel to her brow and tried to press the trigger. At that very instant a branch, torn from the tree by the force of the wind, struck her wrist, and the end of the blow knocked the pistol out of her wet, numbed fingers and saved her from self-destruction. The branch

hemor, and after it is over Hilary tells her that they have been married by the native witch-doctor.

He makes violent love to her and finally confesses that she has loved him all the time.

The next morning Hilary treats her indifferently and when she begs for his love he tells her that he is avenging Peter Merrifield and now she must try to win it.

Finally, she escapes with Rona, her native maid, to the motorboat. She drives across a distant part of the island, and falls into the hands of a native chief and his warriors. However, white outlaws and ruthless enemies of Hilary, they take her to their fortress and flowers set out for Sterling's part of the island.

When Doyle tries to force his attentions on Joan, she knocks him unconscious with a bottle and escapes to the loft above the fortress. There she tries to slip past Blackbird, but he catches her, and she just as

Sterling bursts into the room.

struck Hilary, too, causing him involuntarily to release his hold on her, and Joan reeled against the trunk of the tree, to which she clung for support.

"Where are you, Joan?" shouted Hilary, recovering himself—and at this time Joan heard him as the storm was suddenly stilled. "Are you hurt? Joan! Joan! Hil! Ugi!"

"Here, master," answered Ugi's voice. "You make fella light walk about."

Hilary had forgotten that he had an electric torch in his pocket, but Ugi's quiet request reminded him. He flashed the light about, saw Joan, threw one arm around her to support her, and shone the light on her wet, white face.

"Are you hurt?" he asked again anxiously.

"No, not much," gasped Joan tremulously, "but I don't think I can go any further. Leave me here and let me die."

"Don't talk nonsense, and try to pull yourself together," exclaimed Hilary sharply. "Do you want to go back to Blackbird Doyle?"

"I want to die," moaned Joan. "I'm done, and can't walk another yard."

"Which means you will have to be carried," said Hilary, in matter-of-fact tones. "We've got to put as great a distance as possible between Doyle's fortress and ourselves before daybreak, and get out of this hostile territory. Ugi can almost see in the dark, and he has a wonderful sense of direction, but he will have to take the torch to guide us. The storm is easing up, and progress will be a little less difficult. Get on my back," he continued, after handing the electric torch to Ugi and giving him some instructions. "Put your arms round my neck so, and hang on."

He caught Joan's hands, drew them round his neck from behind, and hoisted her up "pick-a-back" fashion. "I'll rub my thumb to walk," protested Joan feebly.

Hang on, try to keep yourself rigid, and don't wiggle," snapped Hilary. "Make yourself less of a dead weight if you can. . . . Ugi, you go ahead and make fella light walk about on your feet."

Ugi grunted, and moved on, shining the light on the ground to guide his master. Progress was necessarily slow, for the jungle was thick, and the ground in places was like a bog. Frequently Hilary slipped, and more frequently still had to stop to free himself and Joan from thorny branches. Joan was no light weight, and despite his great strength Hilary had to pause frequently to take a rest and regain his breath.

"Set me down and I'll try to walk," said Joan. "The faintness has gone." Hilary set her down without a word, and straightened himself. Their eyes had become more accustomed to the darkness, and Ugi flashed the light



Hilary Fired Quickly, Emptying His Revolver at the Savages as They Dashed at Him Howling Like Fiends.

about to show they had reached a little native clearing. Hilary ceased, and Joan squared the wet out of her hair and tried to get some of it out of her saturated clothes, which were clinging to her body uncomfortably. Hilary wrung out his handkerchief, wiped his face and head with it, wrung it out again, and handed it to Joan, then he turned to ask some question of Ugi, who was gazing up at the sky and sniffing much in the manner of a dog trying to pick up a scent.

"Storm and devil noise make Ulava walk about too much," he grumbled, conveying the information that he was uncertain of his direction and in doubt about his bearings. "You look see compass watch belong you, make save, master."

Sterling produced a pocket compass and studied it by the light of the torch, grunted as if he approved, and they set off again.

"Better hold on the back of my belt, Joan," said Hilary. "That will be more support and enable you to keep direction. Sure you are able to walk now?"

"I think so," Joan answered, and somehow felt ashamed of her own weakness.

She struggled bravely, gritting her teeth, but she had not gone very far when Hilary knew by her labored breathing that she was again on the verge of collapse, and he hoisted her on to his back again without a word. . . .

It was a nightmare journey through what seemed a nightmare jungle and time and time again Hilary was forced to stop and rest. Day dawned at last, and Ugi was then able to take turns in carrying Joan, who had fallen into a sort of stupor. The storm had com-

pletely passed away, but when the sun came out the jungle was like a vapor bath as the ground began to dry and steam, but the steam had the fetid odor of decayed vegetation.

Even Ugi began to feel the strain and had to stop and rest and wipe the sweat from his face at frequent intervals. He was resting in a clearing, squatting on his heels, when suddenly he started violently and sprang erect.

"Black fella after us, master!" he whispered excitedly. "I see um in bush."

Scarcely had the words crossed his lips when there was a report, and a bullet struck the tree against which Hilary was resting. Instantly Hilary forced Joan down prone on the ground, whipped out his pistol, and fired in the direction from which the shot had come. A sneer whitened past his head, and the native, three armed with spears and shields and two with old-fashioned rifles, leant suddenly from the bush and dashed at him, howling like fiends. Hilary fired quickly, emptying his revolver at the savages, but he dropped only two of them, and next moment a desperate hand-to-hand struggle began in the clearing. Hilary ducked, avoiding a spear thrust, caught his savage opponent round the knees, brought him down with a crash, and knocked him senseless with his empty pistol.

Before he could get on to his feet, however, another native stabbed him in the back with his spear, and was raising his weapon to finish him when Ugi sprang at him and almost severed his arm with a blow of his greater. Hilary had already dispatched one of the attackers before coming to Hilary's assistance, but had a himself been wounded. Fortunately it was the na-

(Continued on Page 18)

As They Dashed Toward the Gate of the Stockade a Black Figure Sprang at Ugi With a Knife.

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Island by Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 16)

time with the rifles who had been sent by Hilary at the outset, or the result of the encounter might have been very different. As it was, Hilary and his man had killed or disabled all five of their enemies.

Joan had been too dazed and scared even to attempt to move, and her dulled brain could scarcely grasp what had been happening. She raised her head to see Hilary lying face down, wards on the ground with blood oozing through the back of his tunic, and Ugi, with blood streaming down his copper-colored face, bounding over him. The shock brought her to her senses and made her forget her weakness. With a gasping cry she scrambled to her feet, only to collapse again, but she crawled on her hand and knees to Hilary's side.

Hilary, Hilary, have they killed you? she cried, and gasped in relief as Hilary raised his head, then struggled to his knees.

Hilary did not appear to hear her and paid no heed. "Look out, Ugi!" he shouted breathlessly, and pointed to the native whose arm Ugi had nearly severed.

The man had picked up his spear in his left hand and was about to hurl it at Ugi, who flung himself on one side, dodging the spear by inches as it was thrown, then springing after the warrior as the latter turned to bolt and drove his knife into his back. The other savage uttered a horrible grunting noise, then collapsed in a heap after staggering a few paces.

Hilary shouted something to him, and Ugi, showing his teeth and with his eyes rolling, turned and helped him. "I don't think I'm very badly hurt," said Hilary, straightening himself with an effort and drawing a deep breath. "I fancy the first stab with the spear struck my belt and has only grazed the skin round my ribs. Are you all right, Joan?"

"Yes, yes," gasped Joan. "Let me try to dress your wound."

"No, better not touch it," said Hilary. "Your hands might poison it."

He was only stating an obvious fact, for Joan's hands, like his own, were grimed with the ugly, sticky mud of the jungle, and he knew from experience how poisonous such dirt was if it came in contact with an open wound, and how readily one could contract blood-poisoning. Joan, however, took the remark to be a snub and an insult, and recoiled as if he had dealt her a blow.

"My shirt and tunic will soak up the blood," continued Hilary, turning to ask some question of Ugi in the native tongue. "We'd better press on as fast as possible," he added. "Those fellows may only have been a sort of flying squadron in advance of the tribe, and there may be scores of others close behind us. We've got to make a dash for Uluva, Ugi, and we must take turns in helping my white man along."

"Better leave me behind and save yourselves to help you run," exclaimed Joan. "I don't want to come with you. I don't want to go back to Uluva now."

Hilary looked hard at her and smiled cruelly. His face was ghastly and smeared with mud and he was obviously in pain, but his eyes still glinted with cold and his expression indicated fixity of purpose.

"As I have taken the trouble to bring you so far, I think you had better attempt to complete the journey," he said, with an ironic note in his unsteady voice.



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"Don't be such a fool! If I were to leave you here, as you suggest, you would be massacred by the first savage who came along, and probably be eaten afterwards."

"I don't care!" exclaimed Joan distractedly. "Death would be preferable to this misery."

"Come along and don't talk hysterical nonsense," Hilary snapped. "Hang on to me, and I'll help you along as best I can. I'm afraid the wound in my back won't permit of my carrying you, but Ugi may be able to give you a lift when his head stops bleeding. Come along. There's no time to be lost."

He hoisted Joan to her feet as he spoke, supporting her by drawing her left arm round his left shoulder from behind, and putting his right arm round her waist. Ugi led the way, but no sooner had they left the clearing than he called to them to wait and turned back. He reappeared within a few minutes, wiping blood from his knife and with his blood-stained face contorted into a grin. He did not reply to Hilary's question as to why he had been doing, and Hilary did not insist on an answer, knowing that he had probably turned back to finish off the native who was only stunned, and probably to cut off the heads of the others.

On they went again through the bush, the white pair after staggering through sheer exhaustion, the black man leading the way and often clearing a path for them with his heavy knife, and pausing often to look at the sky, to sniff and to listen. Hilary's legs gave way beneath him, and he stopped to rest. Hilary and could not get up, so greatly weakened was he by the loss of blood from the wound in his back.

"Sorry, but I'm afraid I can't go any further," he said pitifully, his face ghastly. "You go on with Ugi, Joan, and send back help. You should meet some of my people soon, for I ordered the chief to send men up into the bush."

"No, I shall stop here with you and save your life," said Joan. "I'll go as far as I can, and I'll travel faster alone."

"But, my dear girl, Doyle's head-hunters may be close behind," protested Hilary. "Be sensible."

He got no further, for Ugi cried out agitatedly at that moment.

"Black fellows come again plenty too much!"

Even as he spoke Joan saw black faces with gleaming eyes staring at her through the scrub on all sides, and she thought her last hour had surely come. But Ugi, after a tense moment, uttered a loud cry and wheeled round to Hilary and babbled excitedly.

"It's all right, Joan, they're our own men," said Hilary. "We're saved!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Back at Uluva.

What followed Joan had afterwards only the haziest recollection. Vaguely she remembered being jolted along on an improvised litter of branches, but that was all, and she came to herself to find she was lying on a couch on the veranda of Hilary's bungalow at Uluva, and Rona was kneeling by her side, sponging her face.

The native girl granted her satisfaction as Joan opened her eyes, disappeared into the house, but returned a minute later with something in a glass which she urged Joan to drink. The liquid was a strong, syrupy cordial which must have had exceptional restorative power, for within a few minutes Joan had sufficiently recovered to be able to sit up and look about her dazedly.

"How did you get here, Rona?" she asked faintly, again wondering if she were dreaming, for she could not understand how it could be possible that it was actually Rona in the flesh who was ministering to her—Rona, whom she had concluded had been killed when she (Joan) was taken prisoner. "You are Rona, aren't you? This is Uluva?"

"I Rona all right, you save," responded the native girl. "You all right, walk about and I make you bath."

"Yes, I want a bath," Joan answered. "Is your master all right?"

"Big fellow white master he too much hurt," answered Rona. "He belong palaver along medicine man, but walk along all right."

By which Joan understood her to mean that Hilary's injuries were being attended to by the native doctor.

She was still feeling dazed and weak, but she appreciated the luxury of the hot bath which Rona had prepared for her, and when she had finished she felt refreshed and revived and refreshed her head while she crunched in the tub. The cold shower revived and refreshed her, and after she had towelled herself vigorously and Rona had massaged her aching limbs and applied balm to her various bruises and scratches, Joan felt infinitely better and the mist seemed to clear from her brain.

"Master say I no talk along you too much," said Rona, when Joan began to ask her questions. "You belong to bed to sleep now."

Joan had a score of questions to ask, and she felt inclined to resent being ordered to bed by the native girl. She went to bed, however, without demur, and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. It was still daylight when she awoke, and she fancied she had been asleep only for an hour or two, but discovered to her amazement when she summoned Rona and asked her to bring her a cup of tea that she had almost slept the round of the clock, just as she had done when Hilary first landed her on Uluva.

Discovered, too, that she was hungry, and enjoyed the tea and biscuits Rona brought to her a few minutes later.

She had hated the very thought of returning to Sterling, yet no sooner had the bungalow at Uluva now seemed a veritable haven of peace after what she had endured, and Joan found herself more disposed to accept the situation, or, rather, less disposed to rebel against her fate. Evidently, and with her mind in a sort of passive state, she made her toilet and donned the silk shirt and the new suit of white drill Rona had laid out in readiness for her.

"Is your master better?" she inquired of Rona.

"He sit down close up outside," the girl answered, and pointed through the window; out of which Joan glanced to see Hilary stretched out in one of the long cane chairs, puffing at a briar pipe and seemingly lost in thought.

She found it difficult to decide what attitude to adopt toward him, and felt oddly nervous and self-conscious as she walked out on to the veranda and Hilary turned his head to look at her.

"Good morning," he said formally, and unsmilingly. "I hope you have quite recovered and that your long sleep has refreshed you?"

"Thank you. I am much better," Joan replied, equally formally. "I trust the wound in your back isn't serious."

"No," said Hilary. "You will possibly be disappointed to learn it is unlikely to prove fatal." Joan, still uncertain of herself, shrugged her shoulders and sat down.

"I should like a cigarette, please," she said after a momentary pause, and Hilary, without rising, took her gold case and a box of matches from his pockets and held them out to her, continuing to regard her with an inscrutable expression.

"Now, perhaps, you will be good enough to explain what happened?" he said, as Joan handed the case back after helping herself to a cigarette and lighting it. "Rona has told me part of the story."

"How did Rona get here?" asked Joan. "I thought she must have been killed."

"From what I can make of it, she bolted as soon as she saw the savages surround you, lay in

hiding in the bush until they had carried you off and, guided by blind instinct, I suppose, managed to find her way later through the jungle to the shore. She saw one of her relatives in a canoe, swam out to him and he brought her here with the news of your capture."

"But she could not have known what happened to me," remarked Joan. "How did you guess you would find me at Blackbird Doyle's fortress?"

"That was not exactly guesswork," Hilary explained. "I set off at once with Ugi and Kuku, my servants, and two other natives of high courage, after giving instructions to the headman to send more men through the jungle after us to the border of the enemy country. In the bush we encountered Kellack Howes, taking him and the two natives who accompanied him by surprise while they were resting. Howes offered to let me where you were if I spared his life, and

(Continued on Page 21)

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Relieved Instantly!

Sniffling, sneezing and itching stops, or money back. SinAsiptec dries up watery smarting eyes. Soothes and clears nasal passages. Successfully tested 7 years in private practice of Dr. J. E. Allen, originator. Thousands of users everywhere now acclaim it!

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Also aids sinus trouble and catarrh by ridding nasal cavity of toxic secretions. Helps drainage by reducing congestion and inflammation. Large bottle,



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Quick relief for indigestion

Eat a spicy Milnesia Wafer when indigestion—sour stomach—sick headache—heartburn—constipation annoys you. Equal teaspoons of pure milk of magnesia in each tasty wafer cleanses and regulates your entire digestive tract. Both children and grown-ups prefer this pleasant way of taking milk of magnesia—ask for



MILNESIA
(MILK OF MAGNESIA)
WAFERS

For the Lean Purse

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Old-Fashioned "Cracklin" Corn Bread.

MIX and sift 3 cups cornmeal, 1 teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder. Add 1 cup sweet milk and beat well. Add 1 cup fresh cracklins and shape in small oblong rolls. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake about 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

Corned Beef Hash with Vegetables.

CUT 1½ cups cold corned beef into small pieces. Add 2½ diced cold potatoes, 1 finely chopped cold onion, ½ cup chopped cooked carrots and 1 cup diced cooked turnips and ½ cup water. Melt 3 tablespoons fat in a frying pan, add the beef and vegetables and cook about 20 minutes or until brown.

Bread Crumb and Honey Pudding.

MIX ½ cup strained honey with 6 ounces bread crumbs. Add ½ cup rich milk, ½ teaspoon ginger, 2 beaten egg yolks and the grated zest of ½ lemon. When thoroughly mixed add 2 tablespoons butter and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Steam 2 hours in a buttered pudding mold.



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HAIR beginning to look dull and faded? Brighten it with Blondes, the new shampoo for blondes only. On shampoo, hair is bright and gleaming. Glints of gold in the soft-lustrous-sparkling. And it will keep lustrous every time you shampoo. No dyes or harsh chemicals. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

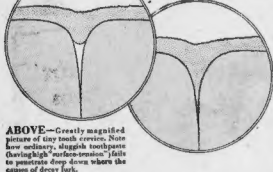
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DON'T fool yourself that your teeth are really clean

... unless you've cleaned the tiny crevices where decay begins. Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps down into these hard-to-reach places, removing decaying matter, cleansing teeth completely.

BELOW—This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam during low "surface-tension" penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleaning it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



DON'T be content with merely polishing the surfaces of your teeth... any toothpaste can do that. Use the one dentifrice designed especially to go deep down into the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing doesn't reach. Colgate's active, penetrating foam not only polishes brilliantly, but gives an extra protection by cleansing these little fissures scientifically, thoroughly... thus removing the danger of half-clean teeth.

Your dentist will tell you that no dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct acid saliva; no dentifrice can firm the gums. He will tell you that the one big job of the dentifrice is to clean the teeth. Colgate's cleans teeth best! That is why most dentists recommend it.



Sweet Potato Waffles.

HAVE ready ½ cup strained cooked sweet potatoes. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Add 3 egg yolks and 1 cup milk and beat until smooth. Add the sweet potato, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 2 tablespoons melted butter and beat until smooth. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a hot greased waffle iron. Serve hot with broiled ham.

Loganberry Tea Cake.

CREAM ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup sugar and beat well. Add 1 well-beaten egg, and when creamy add ½ cup milk alternately with 2½ cups flour sifted with 2½ teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat vigorously and add ¼ cup loganberries. Bake in a shallow pan that has been buttered and floured. It will require about 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

Rumanian Gevech.

PARBOIL 1 cup shredded cabbage with ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup diced potatoes and ¼ shredded green pepper in salted water for 20 minutes. Drain. Cut ¾ pound fish into small pieces and mix with parboiled vegetables, ½ cup canned tomatoes, 3 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Bake in a moderate oven about 40 minutes. Taste occasionally. Serve hot with sliced lemon as a garnish.

Watermelon Pickles.

REMOVE all pink portion and thinly pare off green rind. Cut rind in small pieces. Soak in salt water overnight. Rinse and soak in fresh water 1 hour. Boil for ½ hour in water in which a little alum is dissolved. Rinse and boil in ginger tea ½ hour. Drain and weigh. To 4 pounds of rind add 3 pounds sugar, 1 quart vinegar, 3 sticks cinnamon, a little mace and 1 tablespoon cloves and cook until clear. Store in sterilized jars.

Vegetable Sausage.

PICK over and wash ½ cup dried lima beans. Cover with cold water and soak overnight. Drain and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Press through potato ricer or sieve, add ½ cup fine bread crumbs, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, few grains paprika, pepper to taste, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon powdered sage. Mix well, shape into sausage forms, roll in bread crumbs, egg and crumbs again. Cook in a little hot fat until delicately browned. Garnish with fried apple rings and parsley.

Vegetable Stew.

CUT ½ pound beef and ½ pound mutton into small pieces. Brown with 3 tablespoons minced onion in 2 or 3 tablespoons fat. Add 7 cups of water, ½ cup diced carrot, 2 cups diced potatoes, ½ cup strained canned tomato, 1 cup chopped cabbage and spice bag containing a bit of bay leaf, 6 cloves, 6 peppercorns, a sprig of thyme and 6 tablespoons onion. Parsley if desired. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and simmer gently until vegetables are tender. Remove spice bag and

thicken with ½ cup sifted flour moistened with a little cold water. Add salt if necessary.

"Cracklin" Egg Bread.

SALAD 2 cups sifted cornmeal with 1 cup boiling water and add 1 tablespoon shortening. Cool slightly. Beat 2 eggs until light and add 2½ cups rich milk and 1 teaspoon salt. Beat into the meal mixture. Add 2 teaspoons baking powder and beat well. Add 1 cup fresh cracklins and turn into a greased pan and bake about ½ hour in a moderately hot oven.

American Weekly Patterns

11 STERLING PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



...on the coaster it's **THRILL!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

WHEN IT COMES to cigarettes, there's something like "thrill," too, in one that tastes just right!

For a cigarette is more than something to smoke—at least it ought to be. Unless it is likewise something to *taste*, you're missing your full share of enjoyment. Light a Chesterfield, and notice three things: the distinct and pleasing flavor, the rich aroma, and that certain "something different" which we can only call "character."

We put taste *first*, in the manufacture of Chesterfields—and in taste you'll find their popularity explained. No fads; but delicately flavored tobaccos, sweet, tender, fragrant—thoroughly and smoothly blended and cross-blended, the standard Chesterfield method.

Chesterfields are mild—mild enough for anybody—but they have that satisfying *extra* something:

TASTE *above everything*



MILD... and yet
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